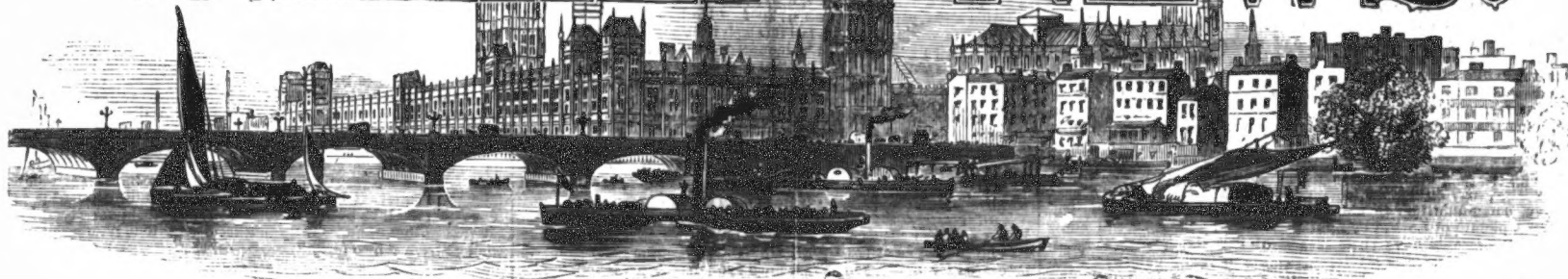


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ONE PENNY.

HOLLAND AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

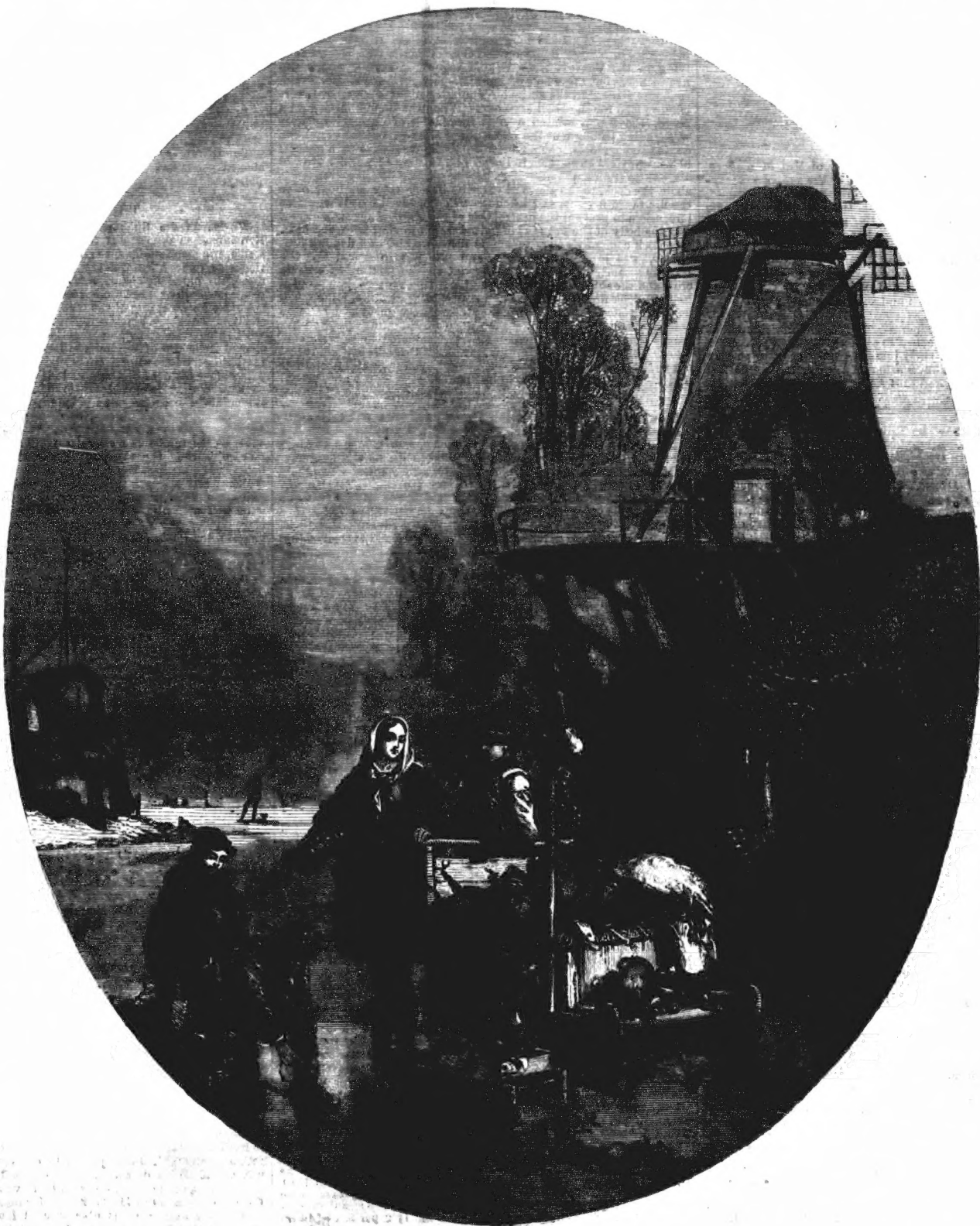
THERE is perhaps no country for which nature has done so little, and man so much, as this. The first and greatest of the works of art are the stupendous dykes. The construction and repair of these prodigious bulwarks is placed under the control of a particular department of the Government (Waterstaat), and of a corps of engineers especially appointed for this important service. The expenditure of this department amounts to a large sum annually. The cost of each dyke is defrayed by a tax laid on the surrounding lands, assessed according to long-established usage, and levied by commissioners appointed for the purpose. The expenditure in labour, though great, is generally much exceeded by that in willows and timber. The former are raised in extensive plantations near the places where they are wanted.

If there be any danger of an inundation, the inhabitants, on a signal being given, repair en masse to the spot. There is never any backwardness on these occasions, every one being fully aware, not only that the public interests are at stake, but that his own existence perhaps, and that of his family and friends, would be involved in extreme hazard should the waters break through the dykes. Hence, the most strenuous efforts are made to ward off the impending danger, and every possible device is adopted by which the dykes may be strengthened, and the threatened inroad prevented, or its violence mitigated. In despite, however, of these precautions and efforts, Holland has on numerous occasions sustained extreme injury from inundations. That extensive arm of the sea called Zuyder Zee, between the provinces of Holland, Guelderland, and Friesland, occupying an area

of about 1,200 square miles, was formed by successive inundations in the course of the thirteenth century. The Haarlem meer or lake owes its origin to an inundation in the sixteenth century, which proved fatal to great numbers of the inhabitants; and very many

inundations have taken place within a comparatively recent period. Owing, however, to the improved construction of the dykes, and the greater skill in engineering, these calamities are now neither so frequent nor so destructive as formerly. But they still occasionally occur.

Some of the interior parts of the country traversed by the great rivers are probably even more exposed to the dangers of inundation than those contiguous to the shore; and when the debacle, or breaking up of the ice, takes place in the upper part of the river, before it has begun nearer the sea, as is sometimes the case, the risk of inundation is extreme. On such occasions every effort is made, not excepting even the employment of artillery, to break the ice and facilitate the exit of the water, but sometimes without the desired effect. The following is an instance of this sort of calamity:—
“One of the richest tracts of country, in the vicinity of Arnheim, has been often exposed to tremendous inundations. These are frequently felt at the breaking up of a long frost; but in no instance so calamitiously as in the winter of 1808-9. A violent tempest from the N.W. had raised the waters of the Zuyder Zee some feet above the highest mark of the spring tides, and the waves beat with unusual violence against the dykes constructed to break their fury. The thaw on the Upper Rhine had increased the quantity, and the force of its waters, which brought down masses of ice fourteen feet in height, and more than half a mile in length; to which the embankments, softened by the thaw, and somewhat injured, presented an insufficient barrier. A breach made in one part soon extended itself, and the torrent quickly covered the country, bearing before it by its force the villages, the inhabitants, and the cattle. The height of the Zuy-



WINTER IN HOLLAND.

der Zee prevented the water from finding an outlet; and it consequently remained on the ground for a long period, in spite of the exertions of the surviving inhabitants. By this vast more than 70 houses were totally destroyed, a far greater number irretrievably damaged; and of 900 families, more than 500 were rendered utterly destitute; more than 400 dead bodies were found on the borders of the current; and at the city of Arnhem 500 persons, mostly women and children, with many hundred head of cattle, were rescued from a watery grave, by the hazardous heroism of the inhabitants, who ventured in boats to their rescue.

The general aspect of Holland is different from that of any other country in Europe. Its surface presents one immense network of canals, which are there as numerous as roads in England; the purposes of which, indeed, they for the most part answer. The greater number are appropriated to the drainage of land; many, however, are navigable by large vessels.

Such sections are termed *polders*. A tract of land on being rescued from the sea or river is in the state of a morass or marsh; and the next process is to dry it, so as to render it suitable for tillage or pasture. To effect this, the marsh is intersected by water-courses, and windmills are employed, as in the fens in England, to lift up the water. These mills are erected on the dykes or ditches, excluding the sea or river, and raise the water to a ditch or canal on the other side.

During the winter all these rivers and canals are frozen over, and though the progress of vessels and market boats, plying from village to village, may be stopped, communication is not; for on the contrary, communication is more lively than ever. Our illustration, from a picture of Le Poitevin, of "Winter in Holland," will show that the peasants have their means of locomotion ready at hand. The moment the frosts set in, sledges are brought out, and upon these, with baskets upon their heads, the peasants, men, women and children, will travel for leagues to dispose of their butter, eggs, poultry, &c., as well as making this season of the year the available opportunity for paying distant visits.

General News.

A CONCERT has been given at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, to defray the expense of rebuilding the ancient bells of St. Thomas, a favourite church of her Majesty. Five of these bells were presented by Prince George of Denmark, at the request of Sir Robert Kerr. On one of the bells there is the following inscription:—"God save Queen Anne, A. R. 1703." On another the inscription is "God save Queen, Prince, and Fleet. Anno Domini 1703;" and on another there is the following:—

"We good people all
To prayers call;
We honour to King
And brides joy do bring;
Good tidings well tell,
And ring the glad knell."

THE obituary last week announced the death of Mrs. Montefiore, widow of the late Mr. Abraham Montefiore, at the age of seventy-six. Mrs. Montefiore was sister of the late Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the founder of the Rothschild family in London. She was also mother of Lady Anthony Rothschild. Her property is supposed to have been very large, probably not less than 1,500,000.—*The Bulletin*.

CAPTAIN LORRAINE WHITE, who has been for some years barrack master at St. James's-park, has been appointed a Military Knight of Windsor, in the room of Major D. J. Macquenn, K.H. Captain White has served in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

THE keeper of one of the Liverpool bridewells (Swain) accidentally got into an express train instead of one which stopped at Walton Station (where he intended to alight in order to proceed to the Walton gaol), and imprudently jumped from the train shortly after it had passed the Walton Station and when it was at full speed. He was so much injured that he is in a dangerous condition.

ARTISTS' INDISPOSITIONS.—The Tribunal of Commerce has just given judgment in an action brought by Madlle. Grossi, the well-known artist of the Italian Opera, against M. Bagier, the director of that establishment, to recover 5,000fr. (£200), the amount of her salary for the month of December last. The defendant opposed the demand, alleging that, according to her contract, the plaintiff had forfeited the salary claimed through absentsing herself, under the pretext of illness, on Nov. 13, when she ought to have sung the part of the mother in "The Trovatore." When Madlle. Grossi sent notice, on the 12th, that she should not be able to sing the next evening, she was visited by the physician of the theatre, who reported that, though slightly indisposed, she was not so ill as to be unable to fulfil her engagement. The defendant, therefore, maintained that her month's salary was forfeited. The tribunal, however, after hearing counsel, decided that under the circumstances there was reason to modify the strict terms of the contract, and that 500fr. (£20) would be a sufficient forfeit; it therefore condemned the defendant to pay the plaintiff 4,500fr., the balance of the salary, the cost of suit to be defrayed in equal shares by both parties.

DEATH OF AN OLD INHABITANT OF MALVERN.—Visitors and excursionists who have climbed the Malvern hills will well remember the robust and portly frame of an elderly woman who seemed to have the chief care of the donkey-stand, and the regulation of its long-suffering, much-enduring occupants. Her name was Sarah Baker, and long habit had made her perfectly conversant with the ways of the hills. Her pedigree was no mean one. Her mother, "Old Betty Care," as she was styled, was the foundress of the hill donkey-stand; and her children were duly trained to attend thereto. During the visit of the Princess Victoria, now Queen of England, and her royal mother the Duchess of Kent, to Malvern, some thirty years or so ago, Mrs. Baker had the honour of the royal patronage, and the donkey on which the princess rode was designated "The Royal Mule," and for a long time was greatly petted and much patronised. Since that time she has pursued a steady course, and, rosy and rubund in face, was always to be seen on fete and other days wherever her services were needed. Age seemed to lay his hand but lightly on her, but her end has been somewhat sudden. She had been attending on her son, who was suffering from illness, which proved fatal on Sunday evening last, and the poor woman was shortly afterwards seized with a fit and died, so that both mother and son alike became victims of the fell destroyer. The old lady was in her sixty-eighth year, and was generally respected.

DR BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revealed Arabian, yields twice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In bottles, 1s. 12s.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

YOUNG'S ASSORTED CORN AND LONDON FLAKES are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark.—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. May be had of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale and Retail, 16, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, E.C. 1.—[Advertisement.]

DULL EVENINGS MADE MERRY.—All the new Parlour Games, Magic Lanterns, Musical Boxes (from 12s.) and Thousands of Id. Toys, (the 2s. parcels contain 73 articles, Arthur Grainger's Select Chess Toy, &c., &c., 30s., High Holborn, W.C., and the New Bazaar, 95 and 105, High-street, Borough.—[Advertisement.]

RESIGNATION OF EARL RUSSELL.

IN consequence of many differences in the Cabinet, Earl Russell tendered his resignation to the Queen, recommending the Duke of Somerset as his successor in the Premiership.

Notes of the Week.

A PAY-CORPORAL of the 8th company of Royal Engineers, named Tylor, stationed at Woolwich, has succeeded in fraudulently appropriating and escaping with about 2000l. The loss of a large portion of this sum will, it is feared, fall on Captain Whately, who recently left Woolwich and joined the mounted corps at Aldershot, and Lieut. Crawford, now in temporary command of the company. Corporal Tylor was in the habit of drawing the men's working and other pay from the Royal Arsenal, and in his capacity of pay-corporal he was entrusted with funds to discharge the current bills. This, it appears, he had neglected to do, and had falsely to the various tradesmen that his captain had authorised him to defer the payment from time to time on some trivial excuse. On Saturday he was found to be absent from the pay-call, at which the company was assembled, and he has not since been heard of.

THIS Reverend the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, sustained a severe accident on Saturday. Dr. Whewell had been entertaining visitors at the Lodge. On that afternoon a party of ladies proceeded for a drive in the master's open carriage. Dr. Whewell accompanied the party on horseback, riding on a horse that has carried him for about eleven years. A about half-past four o'clock the carriage was being driven at the rate of between six and seven miles an hour, between Bedford and Trumpington, about 300 yards from the bridge crossing of the Cambridge and Bedford line, when Mrs. Stuart Douglas called the servants' attention to the master. It would seem that Dr. Whewell was then unseated, and hanging to the horse's neck. As the horse passed the carriage the master fell on his head, his body was thrown over, and his head was doubled underneath him. He was placed in the carriage and conveyed with all speed to Cambridge, the aid of Dr. Paget and Dr. Humphry, both of whom fortunately lived in the line of route to Trinity Lodge, being summoned on the way.

EARLY on Saturday morning a destructive fire broke out on board the *Unstoppable*, 1235 tons register.—On this British steamer, belonging to Messrs. Robinson and Co., of Liverpool, shipwrecked, lying in the Victoria Dock, which raged for several hours and nearly burnt out the whole of her after-part. She was laden with coal, and arrived in the docks on Thursday night, and from Liverpool, to load for the Mediterranean. When the flames first got on board, the fire presented a most formidable aspect. The flames were raging throughout the whole of the after-part of the vessel, the engine room, stores, cabins between deck, &c., were in a general blaze. Several explosions followed of canisters of powder stored aft, as also from a quantity of rockets scattered haphazardly about the deck, to the alarm of the crew on board. For an hour or so the fire raged fiercely, and a doubt was entertained that it would be impossible to prevent the destruction of the ship. Indeed, a great was the body of the fire that her sides were glowing with red heat. The dock company's tug, which is fitted up also as a floating fire-engine, was brought alongside, and was got to work; and the Russian steamer *Nachimoff*, sitting out in the tidal basin, sent its crew and the ship's fire-engine to assist. In about an hour and a half the dock firemen succeeded in mastering the fire, although a length of time followed before they completely got it under. The amount of damage, as before stated, was very considerable, and her escape from being a total loss may be considered most fortunate. There were none of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade engines called out to the fire, owing to the docks being beyond the radius of their limits. The *Una* is reported to be insured.

THE MARRIAGE OF ENGLISH GIRLS IN INDIA WITH MUSSULMANS.—Another case of the marriage of a European girl with a Mussulman has occurred, on at all events, was nearly occurring, lately. An English girl in Mysore wanted to marry a Mussulman, and, having a will of her own, insisted on doing so. Some stupid busybody, it appears, brought her before the magistrate "who," says a Mysore paper, "having removed with the little fool to no purpose, if we are rightly informed, made two parties enter into a bond that no marriage should take place till the Mussulman became a Christian." Much indignation has been expressed at the conduct of this young person, who has yielded to the self-obliviousness of the son of Islam; and the virtuously indignant authority above quoted says that "she and her abandoned mother are described as lost to all sense of shame." Why all this polite language should be used, however, and all this agency piled up, we really cannot see. Here is a girl who wants to marry in what, to English notions, must appear an abominable way—that is all. Why should she not be allowed to do as she likes, especially as she appears to have the sanction of parents? Where is the harm in it, and who has the least business to interfere or raise any objection? Such marriages are not peculiar to India, yet elsewhere they provoke no comment—save, perhaps, one on the eccentricity of taste displayed by the father in the object of her choice. In Australia, where there are thousands of Chinamen, English girls, and very respectable ones in their class, too—such as in London would marry the butcher's or the baker's young man, every now and then link their fate, as the sentimental penny publications have it, with the same public weeds of pigstails, and no one ever thinks of saying a word against it. And very properly too. Beyond the two parties themselves, their parents and immediate friends, we are quite unable to see that any one of the public is in the least concerned in the matter. What is the danger apprehended—what is the fearful offence committed—against which so loud an outcry is raised? Is it feared that such examples will embolden eligible young Mussulmans to propose to European young ladies more frequently in future than they have been in the habit of doing heretofore? Granted that they may do so, is not the remedy in the young ladies' own hands, or is it more difficult to say "No" to the Indian exquisites than to the British swells? A *Mussulman* paper quotes the case of an English lady who married a Mussulman gentleman and got on very well with him for a long while, till at last he became restless on the point of polygamy, when she very easily left him. All women who marry Mussulmans cannot but know what may happen to them in this particular; and if, with this in view, they still enter into their intention, it is reasonable to conclude that some other consideration has been powerful enough with them to outweigh the self-created feelings and the like. The truth is that as a whole, the case of Mrs. Conker and this subsequent one have been viewed with a good deal too much of a misanthropic sentiment. Depend upon it, a good deal too much of the minds of the girls themselves, or of their parents, to prevail among their peers, and no one would be more astonished than themselves at its being attributed to them.—*Calcutta Englishman*, Jan. 17.

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious consequences, and is often fatal. The only reliable remedy is BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUSSEAU, which cures the affected parts and gives almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH of the throat, they have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 11. per box.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Steele* expresses the opinion that the soldiers of the legion now being formed in France for the Roman Government ought not to be subjected to all the rules and regulations laid down for the Pontifical troops, properly so called. One of the conditions of service mentioned a few days back by the *Moniteur de l'Armee* for the new body of troops runs thus:—"Soldiers of all ranks belonging to the Roman Legion cannot in any case, after their arrival in Italy, claim exemption from the Roman discipline and jurisdiction on the ground of their nationality."

On that article the *Steele* makes the subjoined observations:—"But what is the Roman discipline and jurisdiction, and on what occasion has a corps of French troops when serving abroad not been under its own flag and its own French regulations? The following are articles of the Roman discipline, the text of which has been published by nearly all the journals, and never been disavowed. The bastinado is in vigour, as will be seen by the following translation of paragraph 6 of the 2nd Article of the military regulations:—"After the visit of the surgeon, and his report on the physical condition of the culprit, blows with sticks shall be applied on the usual parts covered with drawers. The culprit shall be bent forward horizontally on a plank. The blows shall be administered alternately by two corporals, standing on each side. The sticks shall be of green wood, and their diameter equal to the internal calibre of an infantry market barrel. The number of blows shall be from ten to forty."

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian parliamentary session has been brought to an abrupt termination. Count Bismarck read the decrees to the house. President Gradow perused the decrees, and then said:—

"As I read these royal orders it appears that we are to hold no further sittings until the close of the session, and that we are precluded at once. Gentlemen, this is therefore our last sitting in the eighth legislative period. You will not expect from me, as I had no previous knowledge of the royal order impeding over us, any detailed statement of the labours we have already accomplished, and of those still remaining to be performed. As you are yourselves aware, a great portion of our work is left undone. We can only close to-day's sitting with the heartfelt wish that, as in my opinion, proceedings of every sort will ensue, the Prussian people will back up its representatives, and, as hitherto, rigidly observe the constitution. The measures likely to follow in consequence of the prorogation and close of the Chambers have been already announced in the course of our sittings, but I trust that we have up to the present time supported right, law, and the constitution with all our strength, will let these still be our aims in future. Gentlemen, as we are not to meet here again, I close our last sitting with the cry, 'Long live his Majesty the King!'"

The reason assigned for this dissolution of the parliament is the alleged persistent opposition of the Lower House to the King's policy.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

We learn from Bucharest that a supposed Ministerial crisis in Rumania has turned out to be a revolution. Prince Couza, it is stated, has been obliged to abdicate, and is in prison. The revolution was one of the quietest of proceedings: the army "fraternized," no blood was shed, and—as we are ironically informed by telegram—"for reigns among the population." So pass away, if the story be true, one of the creations of the Congress of Paris and the Crimean war. The Danubian Principalities were then invested with a virtual independence, and Colonel Couza, a noted agitator, was elected Hospodar of Moldavia in January, 1859, and of Wallachia in the February following. He brought about a union of both principalities (for his own lifetime) in 1861, and the Sultan sanctioned the change. Wallachia and Moldavia then became one, under the title of Rumania. Couza was an ambitious man, and longed for a thoroughly independent sovereignty. Not seeing his way promptly to this he resolved at all events to be master at home. Accordingly, in May, 1864, he accomplished a *coup d'etat* after the approved Napoleonic fashion, turned the members of the Legislative Chambers out of doors at the point of the bayonet, and decreed a new constitution, which, while apparently more democratic, left him really in the position of a despotic ruler. Since then, however, things have not gone well with him. Bucharest was but lately the scene of bloody riots, during which the prince happened to be out of the way; and he got into difficulties with his Ottoman suzerains more than once. The immediate cause of the present revolution we do not yet know, but either the Rumanians are tired of their prince, or the prince's secret patrons wish to be rid of him.

AMERICA.

In the House of Representatives a resolution has been offered and referred to the committee on foreign affairs reaffirming the Monroe doctrine, and requesting the President to take steps to form an alliance with all the American republics in order to resist French encroachments.

In the House of Representatives Mr. George Bancroft has delivered an eulogium upon the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, on which occasion President Johnson, all the members of the Cabinet and of Congress, the diplomatic body, and the army and navy officials were present.

In his address, Mr. Bancroft censured the course adopted by England during the rebellion, and declared that the Mexican republic must rise again.

Mr. Donald Mackay has written a letter, stating that, after a thorough examination of the British and French iron-clads, he considers the Federal iron fleet, constructed since 1861, to be more powerful than all the combined iron-clad navies in the world, and that the Federal ship *Danubius* is a match for a fleet of the best French iron-clads.

O'Mahony and the Fenians have held a mass meeting at New York to excite the sympathies of America on behalf of the Fenians. The speakers denounced England as being equally the enemy of Ireland and America, and called upon the Federal Government for open sympathy. Officers have been ordered at New York and Washington for the sale of Irish Republican bonds.

A MARRIAGE DECLARED NULL AND VOID.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has just given judgment in an action instituted by M. Barbe, a merchant of Paris trading with the East, for the purpose of invalidating a marriage contracted at Tiflis, in Georgia, by his son, a young man aged twenty-one, with a Frenchwoman named Barne, aged thirty-four. It appears from the statement of counsel that young Barbe, who had gone to Tiflis to act as his father's agent there, became enamoured with Madlle. Barne, and was married to her in the Catholic church of that town, without first obtaining his father's consent, or fulfilling any of the formalities required by the French laws. For this reason his father, who highly disapproved of the marriage, took the present proceedings to have it declared null and void. Madlle. Barne responded by an action against M. Barbe, junior, to recover £200 advanced for his use, and £300 as damages. The tribunal, after hearing counsel, decided that the marriage was null and void, and condemned young Barbe to pay £120 to Madlle. Barne for money lent, but rejected her demand for damages. It also ordered four-fifths of the costs to be paid by the former and one-fifth by the latter.

A PEEP INTO THE LONDON WORKHOUSE.

The reports of the amateur casual pauper published by a contemporary having attracted to the question of the treatment of our casual poor a great deal of attention, Mr. J. O. Parkinson, who has become well known as an authority upon the working and the policy of our poor laws, has obtained from a real "casual," whom misfortune caused for five months to make acquaintance with very strange bedfellows in our London workhouses, a long account of his experience. This account has appeared in the March number of "Temple Bar," and we are enabled to make from it the following extracts. No doubt some allowance must be made in reading his statements; but they appear to be made in perfect bona fides, and Mr. Parkinson has taken care to test them as far as possible. Those who are interested in the subject will do well to refer to the pages of the magazine, in which there will probably appear on another occasion some strange revelations concerning the refugees of this great city. The "casual" says:—

"At Lambeth the casuals are taken in at eight o'clock in summer, and about half-past six in winter. The man who takes them in (a sharp-eyed Scotsman), however, is not particular, and occasionally he allows you to stand in the wind and cold half an hour after this time. By so doing you have the advantage of hearing your companions' curses on the 'long-legged (blank)' dilatoriness, and then making inquiries of each other as to where they slept last night and what they had been doing during the day. At last the gate opens and out peers the head of the Scotsman. A policeman standing near (he is always there) makes a great bustle, under pretence of putting them in order, preparatory to being taken in, and the Scotsman then points to such individuals as he wants in the casual wards. I forget whether it is twenty-eight or thirty that can be accommodated in the casual ward. But very frequently the number of casuals exceeds fifty, and then they had to go elsewhere before Mr. Farnall took them to task, but now they go around to another door and are taken in to get a ticket for a lodging-house; but more of this anon. Soon as taken in, all tramp or run up to a little box on the left-hand side of the passage and near to the cranked, where, fling off one by one, each gives his name to a clerk (not the Scotsman), age, occupation, where come from, and where going to. I can nearly affirm that not one out of the thirty casuals gives these particulars correct. I have often heard them debating one to another something this way—'I say, stick in the mud' for name are ye going to give?' 'Oh! anything; Brown if ye like.' Then the other speaker, after dancing acquiescence in this—probably without boots, would suggest that he 'came from Croydon' and was 'going to Watford,' when I knew these men had been knocking about London for the last three months, and had never been half a dozen miles out. This shows the absurdity of asking these questions. As soon as the name is given he goes further on under the open shed, and sits on the form until it becomes his turn to get into the bath. Properly 'Daddy,' who is a nice kindly fellow, shouts out 'two more,' and in go the requisite two. Probably they are well known to him, and he salutes them, 'Hello, here again! Like Lambeth, I see. Come to tear up, I suppose, eh?' with a knowing wink. The man interrogated will probably tell him that as he 'tore up' at the Mile-end Workhouse last night or the night before, he would let it alone a few days, and then indulge in giving vent to his feelings with soundly rating the niggardliness of the said workhouse, in only giving him a pair of canvas trousers, and no boots. There are three baths in Lambeth, and these are filled at the beginning, and the water supplies the whole with a bath. Thus, on the average, ten men each are bathed in the same water. I don't grumble so much about this, as the casuals from their frequency in being bathed are very clean, as that many men have sores or some disease about them. The water is just like mutton broth, and all the times I have been there I never saw it changed. After being in about three minutes, Daddy tells you to 'look sharp.' You don't wait telling twice, and out you jump on to a raised board. Daddy gives you a towel that probably has done service before a dozen times, and consequently partakes of a dish-cloth appearance. You find it impossible to wipe yourself dry, and after rubbing in vain for a few minutes, Daddy gives you a number (24) and tells you to take that bed that is numbered 24. You run up the stone stairs, which are very cold, not having even a piece of matting, shivering, and run to the bed hastily, pull the rugs over you, and wait until the bread and gruel comes up at eight o'clock. The rector of Lambeth said four rugs were given to the casuals—it so happens that only two are given—and that a fire was kept burning all night. The fire goes out about eleven o'clock, and if the reverend gentleman was there, instead of being hot, he would be shivering. I can quite understand the rector had been 'gulled,' however, by the master of the workhouse, just the same as any other person who goes as a visitor, and lets the officials know of his coming. You have an opportunity while in bed to study the place. It is a lofty room, with beams running across it lengthwise. A fireplace at one end of the room is covered up six feet high with a kind of cage to keep the men from the fire, and probably two old men who sleep in beds at each side of the fireplace standing back to it, smoking an old black pipe. They will diligently inquire of any old 'chum,' if he has got any 'hard-up' to sell; this 'hard-up' is ends of cigars, picked up in the streets, and when dry smokes very well, and is a good substitute for tobacco, which, by-the-by, is termed 'soft-down.' 'Hard-up' is also known as 'Regent-street twist.' Some men perhaps have got a large bundle of 'hard-up,' and gives part to the old men, who in return gives him some bread, or bread and cheese, or bread and meat, just as he may have it at hand. All regular casuals have got more or less of this 'hard-up,' and therefore are never without a draw. I have heard them say (contrary to what I should have thought), that the most is to be picked up in the east of London, Rotherhithe, and those parts where a good deal of sailors are generally promiscuous, and that the West-end is not near so good. You have a good chance of hearing how what good 'casuals' there are in London. 'Casual' means a place where anybody who likes to beg can get something. Then the conversation runs:—'I say, Tom, did you ever go to that black rat's coop in the Strand?—First-rate casual, strike me up a [black] plum-tree, if it isn't!' or 'silk.' 'Everybody who goes gets a piece of bread.' This is perfectly true, as I have 'mumped' (begged) it myself. The shop is Mr. Harwoodson's [Query, Adamson's] the north side of the Strand, near Temple Bar. It is a nice place, and most casuals know it. The baker is a good-natured kind of man, who gives a piece of bread to every one who likes to go. There are a great many such like in London, and these particular 'casuals' form a great part of the conversation. They are canvassed as to their respective merits, and some important scoundrel will laughingly tell how he told so-and-so how he had three children starving at home, and how he was out of work, &c., and then the 'old devil' looked out a 'tanner,' and some 'grub.' Those having the care of the ward take no notice of these things, and smoke on complacently, telling tales themselves 'as how the master had said, says he' to so-and-so. At last up comes the 'skilly' and bread, and all jump up to receive their allowance. After all has been served, some may be left in the pail, and that is doled out in quantities around again, and much chaff. 'Was you short of flour, Daddy?' 'By (blank) Tom, I can see the bottom of the basin through the shell.' At last all the basins collected and the bread eaten, which is a capital allowance; at Lambeth the gruel is very indifferent, thin as water. Some prepare themselves for sleep by enveloping themselves in their rugs. I had forgotten to tell you that, when the casual comes up from the bath, he finds a shirt laid out on the bed; this shirt is striped, and goes by the name of 'Lambeth silk.' A man, without no is very much used to

workhouses, finds it a very difficult matter to get to sleep. The roughness of the rug tickles his body, the talking of his companions annoys him, for some men evidently come for anything but sleep, the morning, the beastly bawling, the crawling, the swearing, the scratching, the rolling about, and Daddy telling them to 'shut up,' makes a menagerie sort of chorus. He probably gets to sleep about two o'clock. At half-past six, at the cry of 'now, lads,' he jumps out of bed, and slipping on his clothes in the presence of Daddy, in the bath-room, he finds himself in the creek shed, there to wait breakfast and liberty, after hearing the four bells strike at work.

*CLERKENWELL.—This workhouse asks the same questions as the others, and receives the same lying answers. The night I was there the doorkeeper was very drunk, and, not to mind it, made an ass of himself. First against one side of the door, and then bounding against the other, he told us to deliver up our pipes; if not, we were searched. The history of this is soon told. We went through a passage into a yard, and at the end of the yard, or further side of it rather, were pushed into a little place in the dark. This place, I understood from my companions, had formerly been a dead house, but was lately converted into a casual ward. It held six men; and however correct the dead-house 'business' might be I am perfectly sure no place could be darker or more miserable. Not the slightest light—all dark; in the expressive words of one of my companions, it was 'dark as (black)'. A little piece of bread was our supper, and a rickety bed, that would scarcely hold us, to lie upon. One of the beds fell down, a victim to weakness, and the occupier of it lay on the floor. The others, wonderfully enough, managed to keep up. The night at this workhouse passed quietly, and we got out at six o'clock in the morning, on receiving about a spoonful of gruel and a small piece of bread, without doing any work.

*GRAY'S-INN-ROAD (H. Horn).—This workhouse takes them in at six o'clock. The porter (a paid official) is a very jovial fellow, and soldiers 'chaff' in all directions. He is known by the name of 'Old Gunn.' Coming out to the door snuffing and eysing some old friend casual, he says, 'Now, you stand back; I am not like some people. Some men like to see old friends, but I don't. I like now faces.' Then turning to the policeman standing near, he 'chaffs' him. 'Oh! want a lodging, old fellow? I can accommodate you. Put you into the best bed along some of these. Can warrant a good deal of them to be nice bed-fellows, as I have known them a long time.' At last 'old Gunn' has got all his 'old' friends in and allows them to sit in a room until eight o'clock. I think this must be done in order that they may have plenty of time to get perfectly cool. The room is perfectly without fire, and might as well be in the open air. Three large holes, evidently meant for windows, are opened wide. At eight o'clock the supper is brought, which consists of bread (small pieces, weight about four ounces) in a basin. A few minutes some kind of liquid is brought steaming hot, which I have wondered at, and what could be the article used in its preparation. Water I know there is—but the ether? Anyway, it is called tea. It certainly has some resemblance to that beverage in its look, but none whatever in its taste. This is one of the mysteries that I can't make out, and never shall, I suspect. In a few minutes after this 'supper' is demolished, a pauper inmate conducts us, by the aid of lanterns, down some stone stairs, and at the bottom puts us in a room, and closing the door after him, not forgetting to lock it, leaves us in darkness. I do not know how my companions fared the night I was in this workhouse, but I reckon it about the most miserable I ever passed. I was laid among two more on a mattress on the floor, with nothing to cover us but a piece of soaking. It was a cold night in the latter part of November, and I never in all my life suffered more from cold. My two companions and myself were perfectly naked—not even our shirts on (no one who knows workhouses will ever sleep in them with their shirts on for fear of catching certain insects); and as I laid in the middle between the two, you may judge my position was not very pleasant. I might have been a little warmer if I had chosen to cling up to my companions, as they wanted me; but I would sooner have borne more than I did than do so, for two dirtier or more repulsive men I never saw. Not a wink of sleep did I have that night. The usual talk about 'mumping' (begging) and thieving composed the conversation. I was very glad to get up about seven o'clock in the morning, and walk upstairs, and wait in that cold room until 'breakfast' was announced at eight o'clock. I could see no difference in the liquid brought for that meal, although it was dignified by a name more in accordance with the meal. 'Oooos,' as I live! Two gentlemen—guardians perhaps—came to look at us, in the morning during breakfast, and examined us all intently, like so many wild beasts in an exhibition. They appeared, by approving 'um,' to be satisfied. This workhouse is far from being disliked by the majority of casuals. Some of them would endure anything to get off doing any work in the morning; and as Gray's-Inn-road turns them out at such a nice time in the morning, it is liked. Eight o'clock is a very nice time to go out; you can then get anywhere to the West-end before nine o'clock, and pick up a little 'hard up' going, and come in for the first 'coat' at No. 30-and-so in Belgrave-square, or in any other square; and if you get there first, you stand a good chance of having as much to eat as will last you all day, &c. This is the talk.

*ST. PANCRAS, I believe, at the present time does not take in any casuals, owing to the fever being in that workhouse. I was there last about the beginning of the month of November, 1865. The casual ward is not large, and holds fifteen men, I think. Bunks with common hay mattress, and one very thin rug. A chair beside the fire to accommodate the distinguished person of our gentleman pauper, and two or three baths near the door, screened from the gaze by a piece of green stuff or cotton. The water in the bath does for all, and as towels are very valuable articles, they also are very scarce. To make up for a very many deficiencies there was a very good fire. The arrangements at this workhouse, altogether, are not very bad. Another rug or two, and the adoption of the new dietary, would make it tolerably comfortable.

*STRAUD UNION WORKHOUSE (Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square). To get into this workhouse, which is comparatively comfortable, you are obliged to get an order at Bow-street Police-court. Orders are given generally about eight o'clock, and any one who likes to wait past there at that hour of any evening, but more especially on Saturday, will be sure to see fifteen or twenty men standing against the area railings of the police-court. Having got the order, which empowers the guardians, &c., of the Straud Workhouse to supply the bearer with supper, bed, and breakfast, you make all speed towards the place, and after ringing the bell, are admitted. Down some steps and into a very snug place, where a man gives you a basin of very good gruel and a piece of bread. As soon as this is devoured a voice on the top shouts out, 'six more.' The first six run up the steps, and find a man with a moustache, who takes you into a small place. At one end of this place is a bath made of four slabs of slate. You undress at the other, and as soon as that is done mount a small ladder and jump into the bath. The bath is not large, but the whole six of you get in together, which, to say the least, is not very envious. The water is about a foot deep, and is never changed; consequently, in a short time it becomes of the 'mutton broth' brothish. So crowded are we in this bath that all kinds of imprecations are uttered on one another. No drying; so on with a rough shirt and go into the next room, where you get into a bunk. This bunk has a bed in all respects like Lambeth, together with pillow; the covering is difficult. You perhaps never heard of leather sheets, leather blankets, and leather counterpanes. But here they are, and very warm things too. Yes; the under-covering is a piece of thin leather, and the two outer-coverings are thicker brown leather. The advantage of this

is, they harbour no vermin, same as the rugs do. They last a long time, and are also very warm. I may say I always slept at this place as well as in any other workhouse in London—perhaps, better. The same conversation as usual, and out of bed at seven o'clock. All walk across the yard, and are put in a long, wooden shed, where unmistakable smells of oakum pervade. At eight breakfast is brought (just the same as supper), and then pick a pound and a half of oakum, or in default be imprisoned until twelve o'clock at noon.

*ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS (Charing-cross): Taken in at six o'clock by a paid porter; sit down a short time, and then comes forward the said porter with a slate. I had the imprudence to go up to this gentleman from my seat with my hat on, and he very gruffly commanded me to 'take that hat off.' Oh, of course, in the presence of gentlemen it is usual, as I am perfectly aware, especially in the gentleman's own house, to show some mark of respect, so I apologized for my rudeness and did as I was ordered. It is best to be civil and circumspect in your manner towards your 'superiors,' I was told in effect by the aforesaid porter, and I was. A good bath with clean water! and clean towels!! and a good bed!!! Yes; the bed is composed of a very clean mattress, and a very clean bolster; a very clean, good blanket, and a good clean rug; sorry I can't say so much for the food. It is only a piece of bread (six ounces) night and morning; not a drop of 'skilly.' Get up at seven and pick a pound of oakum, or be kept in 'durance vile' until eleven o'clock. Not so very many casuals patronise this workhouse, and I am inclined to think it is because the 'skilly' is not forthcoming. I was there the last time a little after Christmas, and the first about three months earlier than the last, and I never saw above twenty or twenty-five there. This is very small when compared to the seventy, eighty, and one hundred, some of the workhouses get.

*ST. GILES. I have patronised once. We went through some yards and down some steps into a cellar, where my cleaner awakened the man in charge who slept there. This man swore he would not get up to give us a bath, and I might do as I liked. I, however, got hold of a dirty rug and a mattress, and laid them upon a board a little raised from the ground, and covered myself, in addition to the rug, with my clothes. The whole place was in a beastly state, dirt and filth, and the stench was horrible.

*ST. JAMES'S WORKHOUSE is situated in Dufour's-place, Great Portland-street. You are taken at six o'clock by a very decent man (paid official), and give names, &c., and have a bath, with the usual accompaniment of wet towels (the water is changed), and get a good-sized piece of bread to supper. The bed is not very clean, on account of allowing them to sleep in their own shirts, which are usually filled with vermin, and there is only one rug. You can, however, put your clothes over you, which are not kept away from you. I must say that altogether the sleeping is very indifferent. The bunks and everything are Lambeth fashion, only one rug less. In the morning you are awakened at seven o'clock to have breakfast—the same sized piece of bread as at night, with the addition of one pint of good gruel. After this the task-master looks at the different trades given by the casuals, and choosing those who from their occupations can break stones—labourers, stonemasons, and the like—takes them out into the yard to there break two bushels of stones. This breaking granite in workhouses goes by the name (on account of its hardness) of 'cracking diamonds.'

*Those of a lighter occupation—clerks, painters, &c.—have to pick a quarter of a pound of coir. This coir is coarsened matting, and may be picked, perhaps, in a couple of hours. It is much cleaner than oakum, and therefore better liked, besides being easier.

HOW CHARITY IS ABUSED.—The following instructive details are furnished by a casual pauper who has spent several months in London, living on the contributions of the charitable by day, and sleeping in workhouse casual wards and refuges at night. They are taken from a letter to Mr. J. C. Parkinson which has just been published. Mr. Parkinson vouches for his correspondent being what he represents himself, and the narrative is given to the public in the tramp's own words:—"The 'casual,' after having come out of the workhouse in a morning, begs about town until two o'clock; the more respectable wander down into Great Smith-street, Westminster, where a free reading-room and library is kept, and read and lounge a way the time until about five o'clock, when they go towards another lodging for the night to come. Most of them usually are to be found in Ham-yard, Great Windmill-street, Leicester-square, where a soup-kitchen is open at three o'clock. This soup-kitchen is perfectly free, and the soup is made out of the scraps of meat, &c., got from the club-houses, hotels, and gentlemen's residences in the West-end. All the old casuals know where to get tickets for this soup-kitchen—at Elkington's, Regent-street, the club-houses, a baker in St. James's-street, and many others. Ranning after these tickets is perhaps an hour's occupation to them. Some of them, perhaps, will have as many as six of these tickets, and, having kept one themselves, will sell the others at a penny each to those who have not been fortunate enough to beg one, but who have begged money instead. The soup got at this kitchen is very good; and as it is hot, and nearly a quart of it, together with plenty of bread, it is highly prized by casuals. Another noted place is the Mendicant Society, in Red Lion-square, Holborn. If you can get a ticket for this place, and 'gull' the officers sufficiently, you get a basin of pea-soup and a quantity of bread and cheese, proportionate to the number of lies you tell. If you say you are going out of town, and have also a wife and children, perhaps a quarter loaf and a pound of cheese may be your share; but if you tell the truth, and say you are going to stay in town to try and get employment, small indeed will be your quantity—a pound of bread, perhaps, without the cheese. A person is only allowed to go once to this place; if any one is found there a second time within a certain time, he gets a month's imprisonment, but such is the small notice taken of you, and so implicitly is your statement received, that a man may go with impunity twice a week. I have done it myself."

PASIATREUS.—CLARK'S FAMILY OINTMENT.—This invaluable preparation, the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a discerning public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and troubles of infancy and childhood. Chaffins, rashes, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scalds, ringworm, chilblains, cuts and bruises, croup and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. Nor is it less efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of mature years, whilst its healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it beyond all question as the great panacea for those obstinate and irritating maladies so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severe cases of rheumatism, sprains, white swellings, scalds, gonorrhea, boils, ulcers, and burns, ringworm, whitlow, elephantiasis, sore throat, diphtheria, &c.; rheumatism in the head, lameness, chilblains, corns, defective or in-grown nails, peeling off of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat or chest, scurvy, kicks, bruises, piles, and fistula, &c., &c. No person, whatever his or her station in life, should be without this Family Ointment, indispensable alike to the traveler, the sportsman, and the householder, to whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sold wholesale by W. CLARK, 75, Baker-street, London, W., and retail by chemists throughout the world, in pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. each. Agents in every town.—[Advertisement.]

CORK LEGS.—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG, with patent-action knee and ankle joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork leg, will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the juries "superior to all others." Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 175, Fleet-street, East-India-house, 1760, London Exhibition Prize Medal, 1861; Paris, 1855; London, 1852; Dublin, 1855.—[Advertisement.]

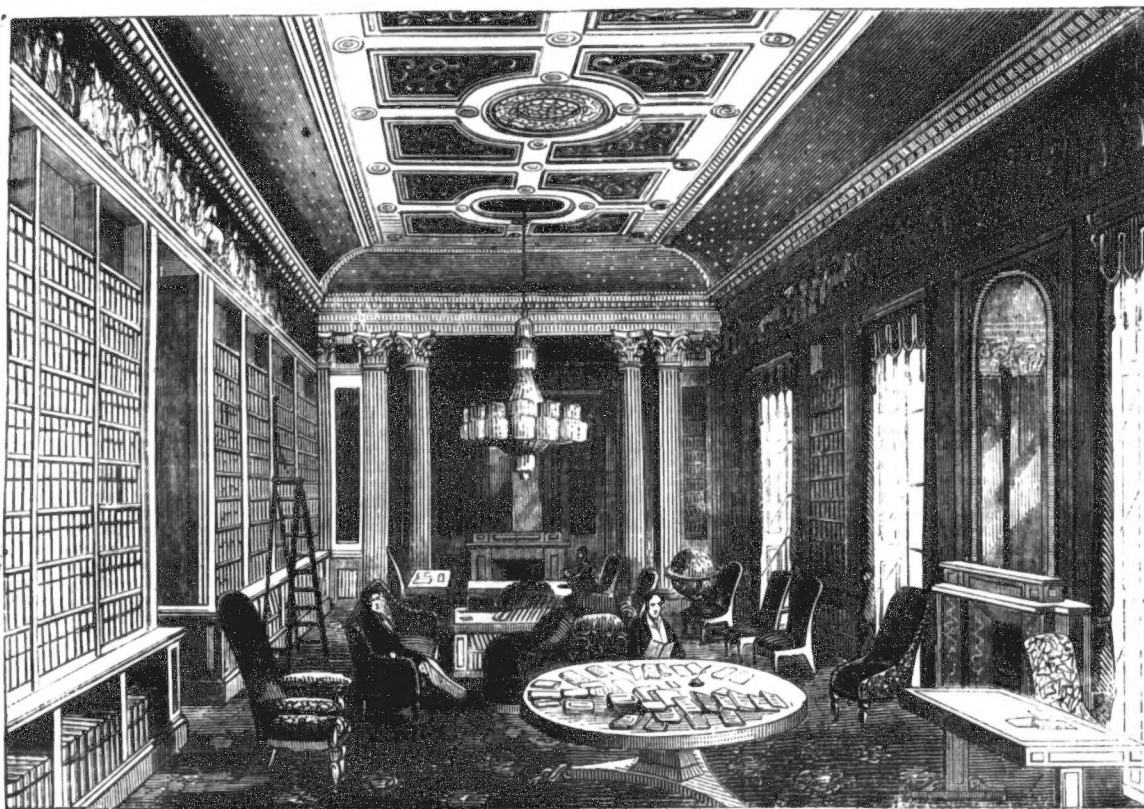
THE LIBRARY OF THE REFORM CLUB.

THE Reform Club-house, situated in Pall Mall, was built in 1838-9, from the designs of Barry, R.A.; and resembles the Farnese Palace at Rome, designed by Michael Angelo Buonarroti, in 1545. The club-house contains six floors and 184 apartments; the basement and mezzanine below the street pavement, and the chambers in the roof, are not seen.

In the centre of the interior is a grand hall, 86 by 50, resembling an Italian *cortile*, surrounded by colonnades, below Ionic, and above Corinthian; the latter is a picture-gallery, where, inserted in the scagliola walls, are whole-length portraits of eminent political reformers. The library, of which we give an illustration, boasts of the most complete set of parliamentary papers of any club in London.

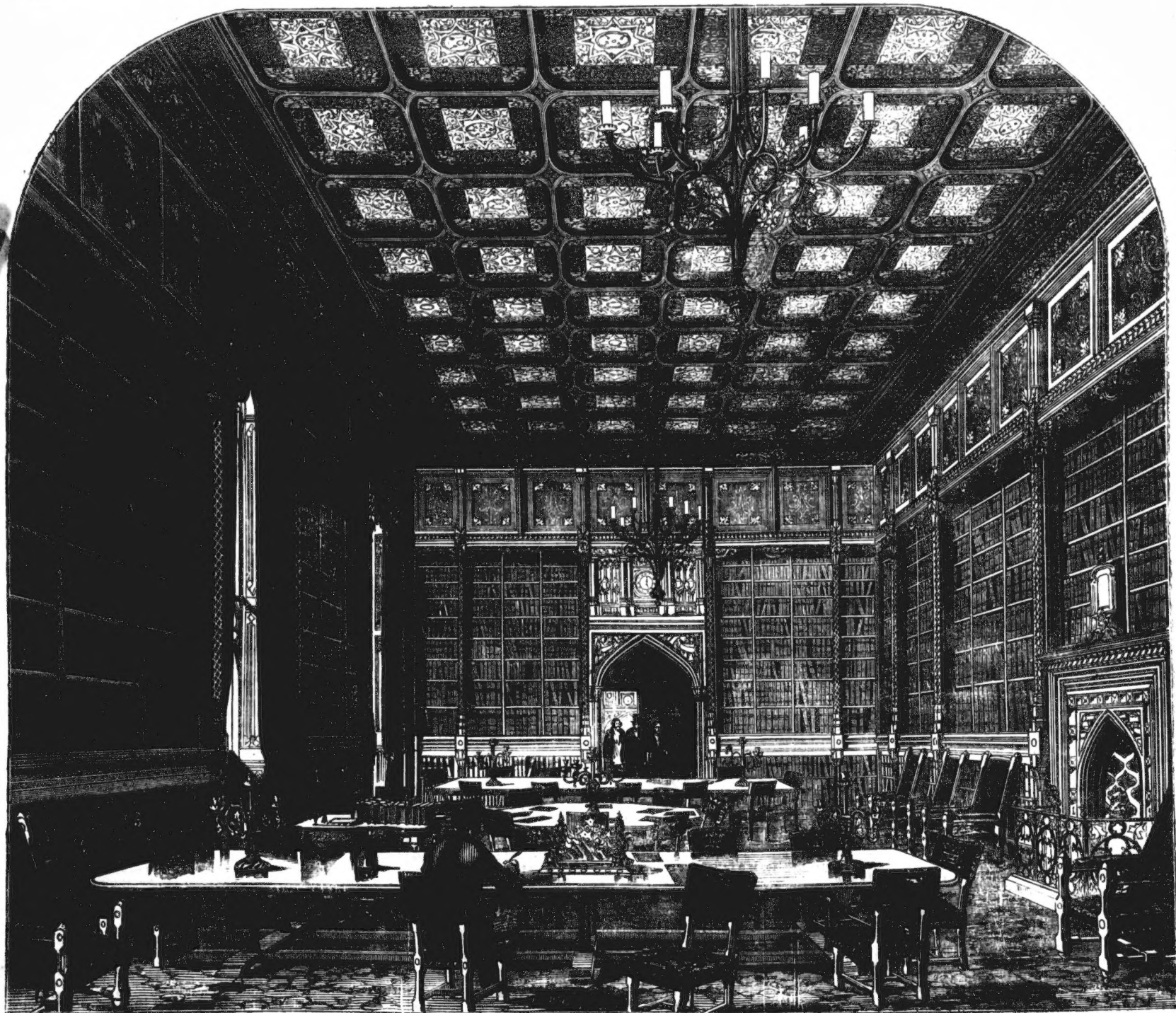
THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE library of the House of Commons is a suite of five noble rooms, looking on to the River Terrace, all fitted up in the handsomest manner. Of the style of the fittings we need say but little, as the picture gives a better idea of these than we could do by words. The shelves and ceilings, and all the furniture, are of the finest wainscot oak. The chairs

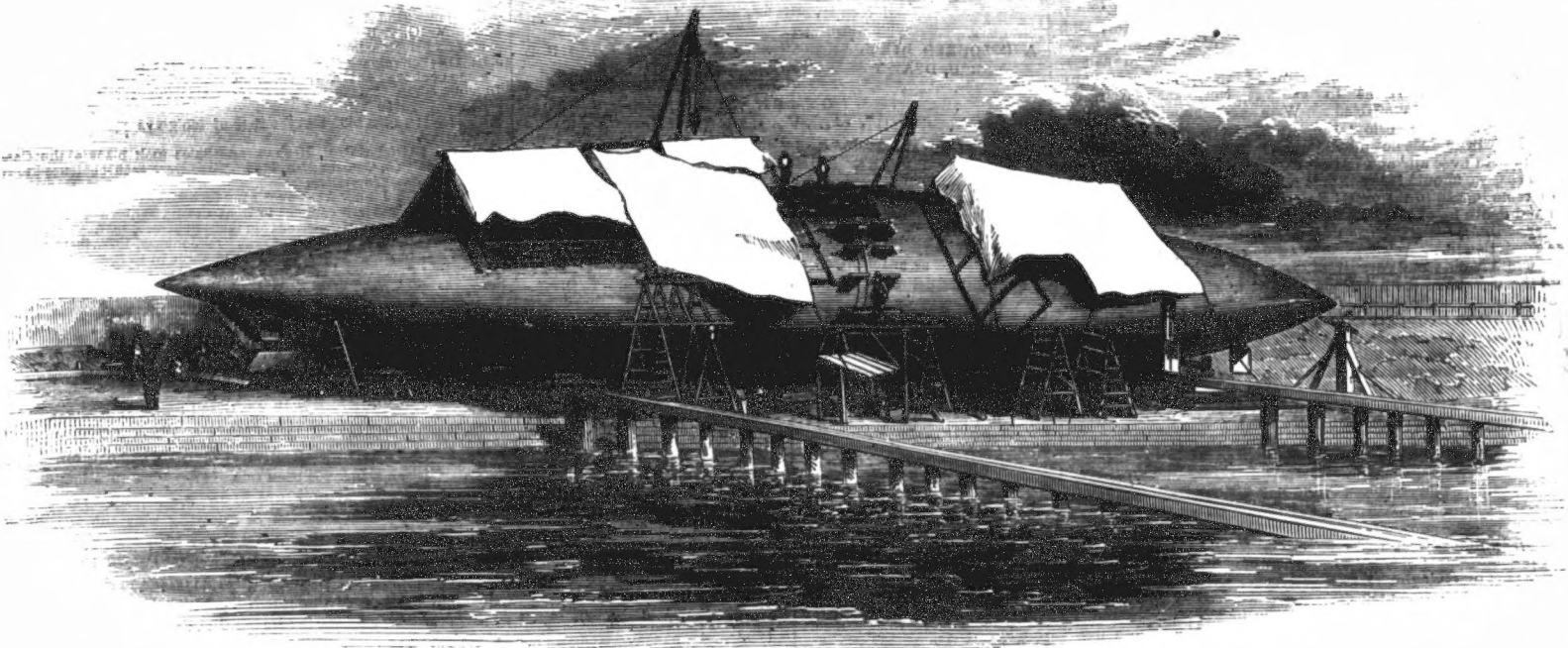


LIBRARY OF THE REFORM CLUB.

are covered with green morocco, and are stamped on the back with the port-culic. The curtains are made of green velvet, trimmed with gold fringe. We have always thought that the library of the House of Commons is one of the finest features in the Palace. In number of volumes, of course, this library is not to be compared with many other libraries in London. It is comparatively young. Only a limited sum, we believe, is allowed every year for the purchase of books; and, moreover, it is not intended that it should embrace all classes of literature. But still it has already become a very respectable affair, and in the course of years will come to be a very large library. It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that nothing is to be found here but parliamentary books; all books, in all languages, are admissible, excepting works of fiction. Of course there is a decidedly professional cast about the library. But still there are not only materials for parliamentary speech manufacturing here, but if a member is tired of the long and prosy harangues in the house, he may find on the shelves many authors with whom he can while away an agreeable hour. The library is a favourite resort of the members, not only for the purpose of reading, but for letter writing.



THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE ROSE WINAN CIGAR SHIP DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION AT THE ISLE OF DOGS.

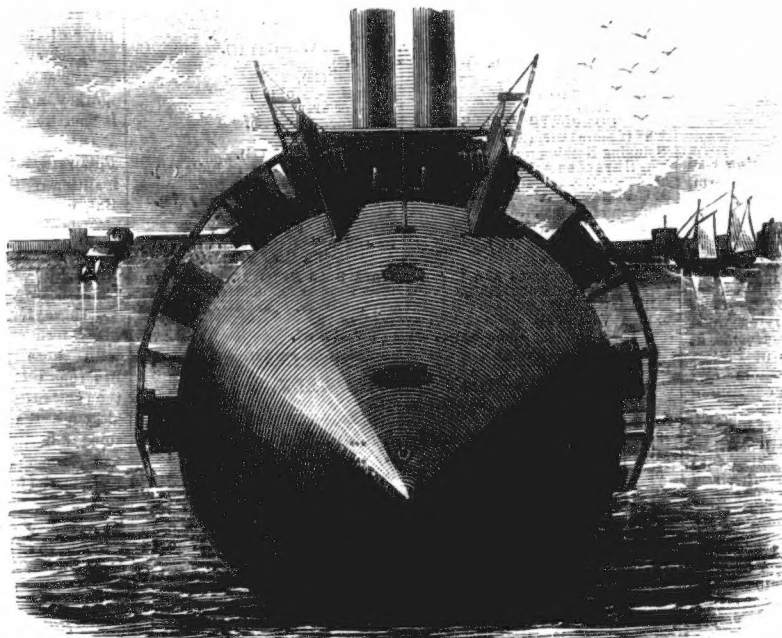
LAUNCH OF THE CIGAR SHIP.

On Monday, one of the most extraordinary vessels that were ever launched upon the Thames, not even excepting the Great Eastern, or her ponderous sister the Minotaur, was sent afloat from the building yard of Mr. Hepworth, at the Isle of Dogs. Of all the eccentric ships that were ever floated, this cigar ship is the most eccentric even for this most eccentric shipbuilding age. We have got jointed ships, unsinkable ships—very sinkable ships indeed. In the cigar ship we have got another addition to the motley fleet, and yet again it is promised another improvement. Nearly two years have elapsed since the time it was positively stated that she was to be ready for her first cruise. The delay has been caused partly by the novel nature of all the work, both in hull and engines, and partly from unforeseen causes beyond control. On Monday, however, the long work was at last completed, and the Rose Winan was launched into the river with most perfect success. All the hull is finished, all the engines are fitted, and in a few weeks at latest the cigar ship will be ready for sea. We have not, therefore, very long to wait before the problem of her construction is solved, and we are proved either to have been all in the dark as to shipbuilding from the days of Noah to this year of grace, or, on the other hand, the design of Mr. Winan is consigned to that place for good intentions, the paving of which, to judge from recent nautical failures, must just now be in a state of pre-eminent repair.

The vessel is of wrought iron, and is built as the private yacht of an American gentleman, who has designed everything connected with the ship. The execution was at first entrusted to Mr. Hepworth, and he expended upon it the most perfect workmanship of which wrought iron is capable. The hull, as the hull of a ship, looks one of the most extraordinary things it is possible to imagine. It is immensely long, perfectly round, resembling the shape of a cigar, being, however, finely pointed at both ends, instead of, as in a cigar, only one. The form is so at variance with all our generally received notions of nautical beauty that we can only stare at it in mute astonishment, though there is something in its long, tapering lines so suggestive of immense speed that one is almost ashamed that no one ever suggested such an idea before. In justice however, to our own time, it must be said that such a vessel could only be built at a period when iron ships were in use and iron shipbuilding had reached its highest state of development. Looking at her now,

she appears to be little more than a gigantic iron mainyard for some vessel of the Great Eastern class, having a rather wide diameter in the middle and tapered at each end to a point almost as fine as that of a needle. As regards her external appearance, then, we need only add that the rivets which fasten her are counter-sunk,

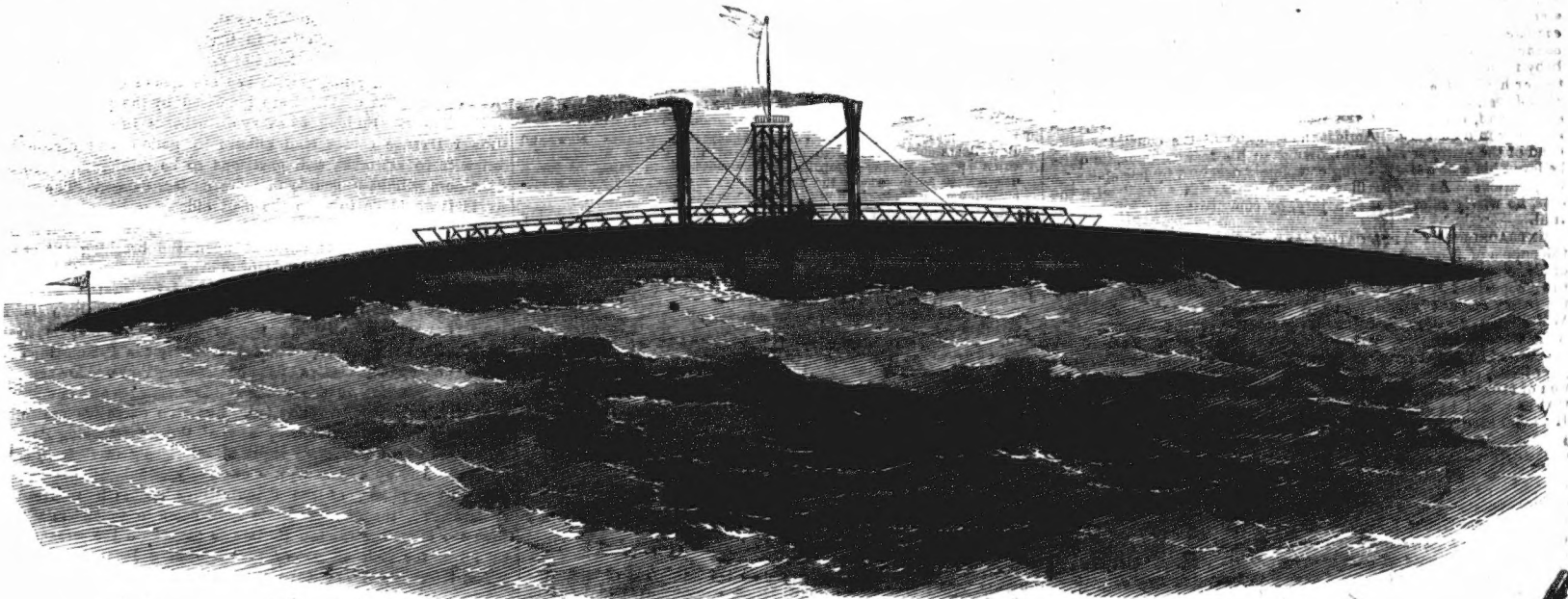
deal to do with her speed, but when to these favourable conditions is added the immense power with which it is hoped she will be driven, it is no wonder that a high rate of going is confidently talked of by her designer. Her engines are three cylinder, driven at high pressure, turning one steel shaft (made by Mr. Krupp), which revolves through the length of the vessel, projecting from the points at each end, where it carries a screw. These screws are to be four feet greater in diameter than the greatest diameter of the vessel—namely, twenty-two feet, and each is to have eight blades, because the two points being only, say a foot or so below the water, four of the blades of each screw will be out as it revolves, while there will be always four of each immersed to do the work of propulsion. Under each screw is a rudder, and by steering with both the vessel can be turned as on a pivot. As the extreme points would be too fine to admit the passage of the screw shaft and its bearings also, this difficulty is obviated by making about sixteen feet of each end revolve with the shaft, and thereby form part of it, so that with the increased diameter of the point at the end of the 16ft. towards the midships there is ample room gained for both shafts and bearing. Her boilers, like all the other parts of the vessel, are on a new plan. Four of them are on the locomotive principle, with vertical tubes. A blast-fan is to give them draught, and they are to work at 150lb. pressure. This is a great power; but, as the boilers are built far stronger than even locomotive boilers, it is asserted that they could be worked up to 1,000lb., or even 1,100lb. per square inch with safety. There are 186 feet of fire-bar surface, and it is expected that with the aid of the blast-fan, each of these 186 feet can be made to burn 50lb. of coal per hour. If the furnaces can accomplish this, then, according to the rule which gives one nominal horse-power for every 24lb. of coal consumed per hour, Mr. Winan's yacht will be working at nearly 2,500 horse-power. In our best mail steam-ships on their fastest trips it is found difficult to burn 30lb. of coal per foot of fire-bar surface per hour. If Mr. Winan's, then, burn 50lb., he will be working up to nearly 2,500 horse-power, or at the rate of eight indicated horse-power to every ton burden of his vessel. In very fast ocean-going steamers the ratio of horse-power to tonnage is about two and a half tons to one nominal horse-power. The advantage which the cigar ship possesses in this respect, together with those which her slender form, smooth surface, and very small midship section



END VIEW OF THE ROSE WINAN STEAMER.

so that she presents outwardly a perfectly smooth surface, while the workmanship of her joints is so perfect that even the touch fails to detect the slightest irregularity in her evenness. So far, then, her form, length, and small midship section will have a great

deal to do with her speed, but when to these favourable conditions is added the immense power with which it is hoped she will be driven, it is no wonder that a high rate of going is confidently talked of by her designer.



THE ROSE WINAN CIGAR SHIP WITH FULL STEAM ON.

(only 100ft.) will give, should enable her to go at an extraordinary speed. We do not at all say that all these results as to the consumption of coal &c., are certain to be realized, as the principle on which this ship is being built is quite a new one in this country. She is being built, however, to accomplish these results; and, on the part of the public, who will be the ultimate gainers, we hope she may. It is said that, as regards motion at sea, rolling and pitching will be reduced to a minimum, and certainly her form seems to suggest that such a result will very probably be effected. With very small masts, and all her weights well below the waterline, she is not likely to roll. But if she does not pitch, but cuts through the water, she will 'take it in over all,' and in that case, with her upper deck so near the sea, we should fancy that it would be swept fore and aft. The extreme length of the vessel over all is 256ft., and her greatest width and depth is, of course, amidships, where the circle is 16ft. diameter. Thus, then, her length is no less than sixteen times that of her greatest width, ordinary vessels being thought very narrow if their width is only one-seventh of their length. The cigar ship is built throughout of the finest boat-plates, in some parts of steel, in some of Lowmoor iron. To the waterline these plates are five-eighths of an inch thick; above the waterline they are only 5-16ths. Her displacement will be about 500 tons, which gives her a little over 300 tons' burden, according to builders' measurement. She is built without any longitudinal stringers, but throughout her entire length she is divided by no less than sixteen water-tight compartments, and in the engine and boiler rooms is further strengthened by inner rings of angle iron 7in. deep, which are riveted to the side, and placed as close as at intervals of only 3ft. apart.

Beneath the vessel, in place of a keel, is a broad band of the best Lowmoor iron, an inch thick by three feet wide. This is meant to protect her in case of taking the ground, or rather when she takes the ground, as from her peculiar form it would be easy to beach her on any emergency. Inside this is an iron floor covered with wood, which runs from end to end of the vessel, and forms, in fact, her passenger deck. This floor amidships is only about six feet from the lower part of the cylinder, so that overhead there is a tolerably roomy cabin, much resembling in shape a small railway tunnel. The upper and only outer deck is 130ft. long by 10ft. broad, and is formed by building for that length what we may call a square flat-topped wooden cover on the upper side of the cylinder. This cover or deck is 4ft. 10in. high altogether, of which the lower two feet is iron; the other 2ft. 10in. of ordinary light wooden bulwarks. She has two short funnels, two light telescopic iron masts, and besides a small deck and a part of the upper curve of the cylinder were all that were seen out of water when she glided into the Thames. For all the world she seemed like the back of a whale that had been decked and funnelled rather than any ship meant to navigate the ocean. The launch was, of course, the usual slap-dash business. Mrs. William L. Winan named the ship, and the launch went off beautifully, the vessel carrying the flags of England, America, and Russia, hoisting also the ensign of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, to which she is destined to belong. In a few weeks more she will be ready for sea, and some most important and interesting experiments will be made as to her speed and sea-going capabilities. All will wish success to Mr. Winan's enterprise, as it is a bold trial of a new principle, made, as is rarely done, at the inventor's own expense and risk.

LOST IN THE FLOODS.—On Saturday afternoon, a labouring man named Horton, in the employ of Mr. Argent, of the Manor Farm, Egham, went into a field on the race-course in order to look after some sheep. While thus engaged he noticed something lying in a ploughed field called "the Ride," which had been flooded during the recent extensive inundation by the waters of the Thames. As the ground was almost a bog from the large quantity of water which had been lying upon it so long, Horton experienced some difficulty in reaching the spot in question, but on doing so found what he at first imagined was the dead body of a man lying upon his face with arms and knees embedded in the mud. Horton at once proceeded to Egham and obtained the assistance of Police-constable Walker, of the Surrey constabulary, with whom, and several other persons, he returned to "the Ride." Upon examining the man it was found that although cold, numbed, and quite insensible, he yet breathed. The poor fellow had evidently lost his way among the water and mud left upon the land from the flood. In his struggles to extricate himself from the awful position into which he had wandered, he had sunk deeply into the mire, and during the exertions he had made to escape, his trousers were torn from their supports, and bedaubed with mud, were twisted round his feet, leaving his body in a partly denuded condition, and with cramped and stiffened extremities. He had also lost one of his boots. The unfortunate man was, as soon as possible, conveyed to the Catherine Wheel Inn, Egham, where he was examined by Mr. Hayward, a surgeon of the town. Stimulants were administered, and after a time the man slightly recovered, when he was removed under the direction of Mr. Inspector Barker to the Old Windsor Union. The name of the poor fellow who was found in such a distressing condition is supposed to be Brown, and his appearance was that of a labouring man. How long he had been struggling about in the mud is not known, but it is conjectured that he must have been upon the spot for several hours, the tracks made by his struggles being easily distinguishable. It was about four o'clock when he was found; in a couple of hours evening would have set in, and then his fate would have been sealed.

TWO MOTHERS FOR ONE CHILD.—A very amusing and novel case came before the Liverpool stipendiary on Monday. A Mrs. Mulligan, unable to endure the taunts of her husband as to her sterility, suddenly conceived the idea of pretending that she was enceinte, and made the usual elaborate preparations attendant upon confinement. She then went into the street and managed to steal a baby from a little girl, which she conveyed home and handed over to her husband as his own flesh and blood. In the meantime a Mrs. Jones, the real owner of the baby, had discovered its whereabouts, and, regardless of the protestations of Mrs. Mulligan, she gave her into custody. Amidst the laughter of the court, the husband of the prisoner said that, owing to his inexperience, he quite believed his wife's story, being completely deceived by her elaborate preparations. As Mr. Raffles was evidently "in a fix" with the case, he wisely referred it to a jury, by committing the prisoner for trial.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION AND REPROOF.—It appears that the cupola of the Town Hall of Wareham requires an outlay of £7 or £8 to repair it, and recently the high-spirited corporation of that town conceived the idea that the most economical way of raising the paltry amount would be by a begging-letter to the Prince of Wales. They received, through the mayor, the following reply from General Knollys, dated "Marlborough House, Feb. 20.—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, representing to his royal highness the dangerous condition of the cupola on the Town Hall of Wareham, and soliciting that he would be pleased to order a donation towards its repair. His royal highness is very sensible of the loyal feelings which have prompted you, as mayor of Wareham, to make this appeal on behalf of the corporation of so ancient and loyal a borough, and it would have afforded him sincere gratification to have answered it favourably, had he not feared such a precedent might be productive of similar appeals without the same merits or the same excuse. His royal highness trusts, however, that the estimated expense of repairs being only between £7 and £8, the good feelings of the inhabitants of Wareham will, on such an occasion, where the lives of their corporation are in question, supply the want of any corporate fund applicable for the required purpose."

BOW BELLS.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.									
ANNIVERSARIES.									
D.	D.	M.	M.	M.	M.	M.	M.	M.	M.
3	2	Maryland colonized, 1634
4	1	Third Sunday in Lent
5	1	Covent Garden Theatre burnt, 1856
6	1	New South Wales discovered, 1606
7	1	Band of England stopped payment, 1797
8	1	San rises 6h. 34m. sets 5h. 50m.
9	1	Cobbett born, 1792

Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 9th, 3h. 53m. a.m.
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Gen. 39; Luke 15.
AFTERNOON. Gen. 42; Phil. 3.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.
Fast day, 7th, dedicated to St. Perpetua. She was martyred under the Emperor Severus in 205.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

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S. M. G.—Maquerades took place at the Victoria Theatre in the spring of 1859.

SOMERSET.—Gris and Mario played together in Italian opera at Drury Lane Theatre during six nights in the month of October, 1856.

E. W.—The Rosemary Branch Tavern at Moxon was burnt down about ten years ago.

J. L.—It was Sir Henry Burton, Lord Mayor of London, 1416, who ordered lanterns to be hanged out on winter evenings, "between Hollowell and Candlesmas."

K. J. R.—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is the 625th line in Pope's "Essay on Criticism." "O's touch of Nature makes the whole world kin" is in Shakspere's play of "Troilus and Cressida," act 3, scene 3.

FORGIVEN.—The market for hay formerly kept in the Haymarket was removed to Cumberland-market, Regent's-park, in 1833, pursuant to the 11th of George IV., cap. 14.

X. A.—Tom and Jerry first appeared in a dramatic form at Astley's in 1821.

U. P.—Mrs. Graham ascended in a balloon with the Duke of Brunswick, August 22nd, 1855.

H. P. S.—Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States March 4th, 1861.

B. B. R.—Miss Duffin, who was born without hands or feet, died at Liverpool, aged sixty-six, in October, 1850.

O. D.—There was no official conductor at the Exhibition of 1851. The organs were played by the most eminent organists that could be engaged.

J. B. V.—Mr. Braham frequently appeared as Sir Harry in "The School for Scandal," and sang the original song at Drury Lane Theatre in the November of 1841.

G. G. C.—The Norfolk Giant (Robert Hales) died at Great Yarmouth, November 2nd, 1861.

M. C.—Mr. G. V. Brooks was considered a "star" at that period, and not a "leading stock actor."

J. A. C.—The remark has been made by various proficients in the nobler game of chess. It is a mere opinion.

DUBIOUS.—Yes. There was a tax on female servants imposed in 1785, and removed in 1792.

P. A. T.—It was in 1813 that the Earl of Mulgrave was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

F. T. C.—The trial of Paul, Strahan, and Bates took place at the Central Criminal Court, October 27th, 1855. They were each sentenced to four years' transportation.

ROSELEAF.—Mr. John Barry never sang in oratorios, but he several times sang Handel's sacred compositions at the St. James's Theatre, during some Lenten entertainments given there in March, 1837.

ESQUINER.—There is no absolute rule. In January, 1822, there was not a single day in which the frost continued through twenty-four hours. The preceding autumn had been very wet.

PROGRESS.—No. The great Faleyard died May 17th, 1833.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

A very quiet but very effective revolution has dethroned Prince Couza. His reign has not been one of very long duration. Perhaps a few of our readers may not know where and over whom he reigned, nor have any means of knowing why the overthrow of this potentate may be of more moment than the expulsion of the President of a South American republic. Prince Couza reigned over the united Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. He dates from the end of the Russo-Turkish war. The Powers who framed the Treaty of Paris decided that these two tributary appendages to the Ottoman empire should not be united; but those who desired union out-manceuvred the diplomatists by the very simple expedient of selecting each the same person for Hospodar. In 1861 the scruples of the diplomatists were overcome, theory was made to accord with fact, and it was agreed that the joint State should be called Romania, and should be governed by one Hospodar. The reign of Prince Couza, then, dates from 1861, although he had been for some years prior to that period virtual ruler of the countries. It may seem to be a matter of small moment to the rest of Europe whether he was ruler of one or two little States; and such would be the case were not those two States situate in one of the ticklish parts of the Ottoman empire. In short, Prince Couza and his subjects and the territories they inhabit are elements in the irrepressible Eastern question. Neither Germany, nor Russia, nor Turkey, nor Western Europe can be absolutely indifferent to what is done by the mixed people who hold the mouths of the Danube. Perhaps there would be little difficulty in the matter if the great Powers would leave them alone, and content themselves with insisting on the freedom of trade and navigation in the great river. But, unapparently, the slightest stir in these regions acts like an electric shock on the great Powers. The tendency of revolutions in Bucharest is to set armies in motion. For some time we have heard of the assembling of Russian troops on the Gallician frontier. Now we hear, from Brady, that Russian staff officers are surveying the Pruth, as if they were not as familiar with every ford and point of passage in its whole course as we are with those of the Thames. We are also told that Austria has found it needful to reinforce the frontier garrisons, that the authorities of Serbia are on the alert, and no doubt, although the telegraph has not yet told us about it, there is some stir in the Turkish camps and garrisons of Bulgaria and Roumelia. It is because internal movements in Roumania have these effects upon the military forces of neighbouring Powers that they are important to the general welfare. But would it not be better to be less sensitive to the doings of the Roumanians? They have got the unity for which they sighed. It was they who elected John Alexander Couza to be their Hospodar. It was they who, the other day, at his request, changed the entire constitution of the State. It is they who, acting through the bodies created under Couza's institutions, have set him aside by making him prisoner and forcing him to abdicate. We are told that this is a military revolution, and some soldiers seem to have had a hand in it. During the recent absence of the Prince a similar attempt was made, but it failed; yet now, he being there, it has succeeded. Would it not be best to leave these people alone—leave them to resolve their internal troubles in their own way, providing always that they do not damage the common interests of all Europe, which, so far as they are common, are mainly interests of trade and commerce? No doubt they will find some difficulty in getting any respectable gentleman to undertake the thankless task of ruling in Bucharest. Their first effort in that line has not been crowned with success, the sensible Count of Flanders declining the proffered honour, as well he might with the example of Greece before him. And the inherent obstacles are increased by the jealousies of the great Powers. So long as every disturbance in the valley of the Lower Danube causes staff officers to gallop, and divisions or brigades to assemble, and garrisons to be reinforced, these disturbances will be a source of more or less danger. The way to avoid it would be to keep the staff officers quiet, and leave the brigades and divisions to fulfil their ordinary duties. But that is never the way that is followed upon the breaking out of turbulence in the frontier lands of Turkey. Happily the case of the Danubian Principalities is provided for in the Treaty of Paris. Should interference become necessary, there is an express provision affecting the mode in which it is to be accomplished. By Article 22 of that treaty the Principalities are placed under the guarantee of the contracting Powers, for the purpose of preserving to those States the privileges and immunities of which they are in possession. But "no exclusive protection shall be exercised over them by any of the guaranteeing Powers. There shall be no separate right of interfering in their internal affairs." And by Article 27, it is expressly stipulated that "if the internal tranquillity of the Principalities should be menaced or compromised, the Sublime Porte shall come to an understanding with the other contracting Powers in regard to the measures to be taken for maintaining or re-establishing legal order. No armed intervention can take place without previous agreement between those Powers." Stipulations clearer or more express

than these could not be framed. Hence it follows that if there is to be any intervention, it must take place after "legal order" has been menaced or compromised. At present there does not appear to have been any such compromising of legal order, for the change effected has been done with the consent, or at least with the assent, of the legal representatives of the country. The very bodies called into existence by the Prince have set him aside. Should it, however, appear that interference is necessary or expedient, then the Sublime Porte is to come to an agreement with the other guaranteeing Powers in regard to the measures it may be desirable to take. The treaty, it will be seen expressly states that "there shall be no separate right of interfering in the affairs of these Principalities;" and again, that "no armed intervention can take place without previous agreement" between the contracting Powers. It is useful to remember these stipulations, now not quite ten years old, when we hear of the hard riding of staff officers, the march of large bodies of troops, and the increase of garrisons. If Turkey is content that the Roumanians should work out their own troublesome problems in their own way, may others not be content also? Of course we are, at present, like the rest of the world, somewhat in the dark as to the scope and intentions of the recent movements at Bucharest, but, whatever they may be, there are the stipulations of 1856 to guide the action of the guaranteeing Powers.

A DEPUTATION to the President of the Board of Trade on the loss of life and property by shipwreck arrests the attention at once, and calls up many considerations of the deepest importance. As long as ships go to sea there will be shipwrecks, and upon our own inhospitable coast we must look for them with every storm that blows. Notwithstanding the noble efforts of the life-boats and their crews, hundreds of vessels of all descriptions and hundreds of lives are lost every year; and though upon our coasts the dangers both of land and water conspire to produce this lamentable result, we cannot doubt that a considerable portion of it should in justice be attributed to the vessels themselves and to the men who navigate them. Upon the latter point we have the testimony of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, that one of the greatest evils of the mercantile marine is the practice of entering seamen as "able" who, he says, would not be accepted in the most inferior capacity in the royal navy. It is on board ship as it is everywhere else, more work and better work will be done by a few skilful hands than by a crowd of half-trained men. But on land it is, for the most part, only the work that is spoiled by ignorant workmen. On board ship there is much more at stake. Ship, cargo, passengers, and crew, all depend for their safety on the clear and cool head which guides, and in the experienced hands which execute his orders. If the head is not cool and clear, or if the hands are bunglers, the want of these qualities, and their value, will speedily be apparent when danger sets in. The statistics of the Board of Trade show that while three out of every four of the masters of ships have undergone examinations and obtained certificates of competency, five out of six of the masters of vessels that are lost are men who have not been examined, and therefore have no certificates. So much for masters and crews. As to the ships themselves, if so fine a vessel, only a few months launched, as the London, was tumbling in the Bay of Biscay, incapable even long before the water had broken into her engine-rooms of rising upon the wave—only a little less a log upon the water than after that disastrous event—we may reasonably conclude that the number of ships sent to sea in a state still more unfit is very great. In pressing the request for a royal commission of inquiry into the condition of the mercantile marine, Mr. Edwin Chadwick maintained that the great mass of casualties at sea were referable either to ignorance, neglect of charts, lead, and other gross defaults. He showed that they were in the main preventable, by citing the instance of the North British Royal Mail Company, which included the Cunard line, and which, during twenty-five years' navigation amid the fogs, icebergs, and fishing boats of Newfoundland, had not lost a single passenger through any default of the company or of its officers. In the same way the Peninsular and Oriental Company has carried upwards of 250,000 passengers without losing one, except in the Calcutta cyclone, in which they lost sixteen. It is very important that we should ask the question, How is it that other companies and firms cannot carry their passengers with equal safety? Has insurance anything to do with it? Sir E. Belcher says that so long as insurance covered the vessel and cargo no extraordinary exertion could be hoped for from the captain and crew.

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale, returned to Marlborough House on Saturday afternoon, from a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, attended by Lieutenant Haig, arrived at Marlborough House, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Alfred, with the Countess of Macclesfield, Major Teesdale, and Lieutenant Haig in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday.

We learn from the Court Journal that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales intends laying out about £6,000 in the improvement of the Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, in order to adapt that residence to the requirements of his establishment.

The Court Journal says it has been recommended that Prince Leopold should immediately proceed to Egypt for the benefit of his health, which is in a most unsatisfactory state.

It is expected that the Court will remain at Windsor about nine weeks.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Alfred, visited the St. James's Theatre on Monday evening.

We (Post) hear it is probable that either Sir John O. Cowell, K.C.B., or Major-General Sir Thomas M. Biddulph, K.C.B., will be appointed to the post vacant in consequence of the lamented death of Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B.

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APOLLO KILLING THE PYTHON.

This Python, that terrible dragon who lived at Orissa, near Delphi, probably committed more havoc among the cattle and inhabitants of the locality in a single year than all the lions of Algeria together have ever done among the Arabs. The Algerian lions run off now and then with a sheep or a calf, occasionally with a cow or a horse, and sometimes even with a man. But these wild beasts are for the most part afraid of the light of day, and seldom commit their depredations after dark or before sunset. The Python, however, had no such scruples. He would sally forth at noon to depopulate a small town. He would drive in a village, rap a hamlet, and eat up any stray inhabitants that he might happen to meet with, by way of lunch. But he was destined to find his victor at last, and though not fearing the sun, it was from Phoebus Apollo, the solar god, that he received his death-wound. In honour of this victory of the sun over the serpent, of all-powerful light over highly-powerful darkness, the Python games were established; and the glorious combat of Apollo and the dragon has become one of the favourite subjects of great painters and great poets.

Here are the lines from the hymn of Callimachus, which describe the agony of the serpent:—

"Evenom'd by the darts, the monster coiled,
Portentous, horrible, and vast, his snake-like form—
Rust the huge portal of the rocky den,
And in the throes of death he tore
His many wounds in one, while earth
Absorbing, blackened with his gore."

According to Mr. Ruskin, "Apollo killing the Python" is "one of the very noblest of all Turner's works, and therefore one of the noblest pictures in the world." The picture, however, is intended to illustrate more particularly the lines we have quoted on the death of the serpent, rather than the combat itself. "The reader ought to be warned," says Mr. Ruskin, "that the nobleness is in the serpent and the landscape; not in the human figure, which might justly offend him, at the first glance, and cause him to neglect the great work in the rest of the design. He may, perhaps, also be glad to be told where the dragon's head is, down behind the rock in the dark angle, the jaws wide open, and the teeth or tusks bared (they are rightly like scorpion's teeth, not like serpent's fangs). One of the most wonderful things in the picture is the way in which the structure of the writhed coil of the dragon's tail distinctly expresses mortal agony, not mere serpentine convulsion. Note also how in the last lash of it he has struck the two stones high into the air, weighing about a hundred to a hundred and fifty tons each. Turner was the first painter who ever dared to draw flying stones; all previous pictorial conception, at its boldest, had never gone beyond pulling ones." Mr. Ruskin tells us elsewhere that "no serpent or dragon was ever conceived before, either as vast, or so probable, as these of the Jason and Hesperides, or the Python." And, in another place, "there is something very wonderful," says the same critic, "in the anticipation by Turner of the grandest reaches of recent inquiry into the forms of the dragons of the old earth. I do not know at what period the first hints were given of the existence of these remains; but certainly no definite statements of their forms were given either by Buckland, Owen, or Ombeyre before 1815; yet this scorpion of Turner's is very nearly an exact counterpart of the model of the *Iguanodon*, now the guardian of the Hesperian gardens of the Crystal Palace, wings only excepted; which are here almost accurately those of a pterodactyle. The instinctive grasp which the healthy imagination takes of possible truth, even in its wildest flights, was never more marvellously demonstrated."

A PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS.—An Indian paper gives a spirited description of a procession of elephants—a very imposing State ceremony, and one by which the success of the Nagpore exhibition was celebrated. Early on the morning of the 3rd of January the road leading to the exhibition grounds was completely blocked up with elephants of all sizes. For a time the unwieldy brutes seemed huddled and jumbled together in hopeless confusion, and unavailing were the utmost efforts of the masters of the ceremony to range them into proper order. They were soon, however, relieved of their difficulty, for the Chief Commissioner, having very opportunely appeared, led off on his tall elephant, followed by Brigadier-General Shubrick and by the Nagpore Rajah. The scene now became exciting and tumultuous, and, according to the local chronicler, "a spirit of go-aheadism seemed suddenly to have possessed the elephants. Restive and almost intractable, they vigorously pushed on in the wake of the Chief Commissioner. The officers who held the bridge redoubled their exertions, and at length by their lusty vociferations and the forcible interposition of their own elephants, compelled the whole herd to marshal themselves in single file. The view from the exhibition grounds of the long line of huge quadrupeds slowly, and as it were with measured tread, wending their way over the bridge, and thrown in strong relief against the morning sun, was particularly striking, and transported the imagination back to the days of the Great Mogul, when all the resources of the East were brought into requisition in order to minister to the imperial vanity. After the Chief Commissioner, the Brigadier, and the Nagpore Rajah, came the principal nobility of the Central Provinces. They had all arrayed themselves in gorgeous apparel, and seemed to vie with one another in the costliness and richness of the appointment of their elephants. There were also many of the visitors to Nagpore, riding on Government elephants, and a good sprinkling of military officers. The rear was brought up by the Deputy Commissioner, and the line, which opened lengthening away interminably into the distance, at last ended. The procession, after crossing the high level bridge to the north of the exhibition enclosure, came with all pomp, pride, and circumstance upon Goorgum-road. Turning off from the Goorgum-road, the Chief Commissioner led the way by a temporary road across the plain to the Bakhurgunge-road, and it was perhaps passing over the open country that the panoramic grandeur of the State procession was felt in full force. There were seventy-nine elephants counted, mostly in gaudy and glittering trappings, and carrying gaily-attired natives. From the Bakhurgunge-road the procession wound up the Palde-road, passed under the lofty arch of the palace gate, and crossed the spacious square in front of the ruined palace. This was densely thronged with well-dressed natives. Such a crowd was never before, within living memory, seen in the city of Nagpore."

THE FENIANS IN THE ARMY.—We hear on excellent authority that there is no ground for believing that any of the soldiery have really turned Fenians, but that, during the last two years, many Fenians have enlisted with the worst of motives. The time has come when a strong line should be taken and an example made. It is idle to try soldiers and give them commensurate punishment with civilians; and therefore it is felt that the soldiers arrested should be tried for high treason, and punished accordingly. We trust that the authorities will show no hesitation in dealing out to these traitors the utmost rigour of the law, and we are certain that public opinion will sustain them in this course with unanimous approval.—*Daily Paper.*

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by fastening upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patented Depot, 424, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]

MR. JOHN COWING, Medical Galvanist, 27, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road.—Athenian, Station, Northgate, Paragon, S. and W. Weakness, &c., are promptly cured by judicious Galvanic treatment. Terms, 2s. 6d. each attendance, or 10s. 6d. per week. Reduced charge to working classes. Elegant apparatus (with instructions), 25s. to 35s., or on hire. Prospectus free.—[Advertisement.]

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

[From *La Follet*.]

Up to the present time, almost the whole chronicle of fashion has been devoted to ball and evening dress. Thin, transparent materials have been preferred for dancing; and one gauze of a very lovely texture—called appropriately aerial gauze—has gained great success.

We must still mention the patent velvet as greatly in favour. Of course, if the dress is trimmed with cluny or beads, one must have silk velvet; but if perfectly plain, or trimmed with fur, patent answers as well. The colours in which it is made are truly beautiful—sapphire blue, green, violet, brown, and very light pink and mauve. It is very much used for paletots, instead of cloth; and for children's dress it is universally adopted.

About the make of robes there is but little to say. They are more than ever cut on the bias. There are several ladies who wear no plait at the top of the skirt, but generally there are two or three at the back. We must refer our readers, however, to the descriptive list of toilettes for any further notice of novelty in style.

A ball dress of white tulle, spotted with gold, over a white satin skirt. The tulle is bouillonne lengthways, with bows of satin between the bouillonnes. A Greek tunic of white satin, fringed with gold, and cut in points. Greek body, with gold ornaments upon the body and shoulders.

A dress of white tulle illusion. At the bottom of the skirt five rows of ponceau satin ribbon, covered with insertions of silver lace. Long trained skirt. A tunic of the same, caught up in four places at the front, but left full length at the sides and back—very nearly as long as the under-skirt. It is caught up by puffs of corse satin, covered with lace. A light cord of fuchsia trims the tunic. The body low, with satin and lace round caprice. A cordon of fuchsias.

Evening or dinner dress of wide cerise and white stripes made a la Princesse, opened up the front, over a breadth of cerise satin. A flounce of Alencon lace is placed down each side, so as to fall over the cerise satin, and a coquille of lace all down the front of the dress. Long tight sleeves, with revers of cerise satin and lace. Long sash, with very wide square ends, tied under the arm on the left side.

A ball-dress of light green tulle bouillonne, under a tunic of satin cut in wide square points edged with point d'Alencon put on as revers. Body a plastron, bouillonne, trimmed with Alencon and ceinture with a bow.

The "Pamela" bonnet is gaining favour, although at present it is seen principally at the opera or for full-dress visiting dress. Some of our modistes have modified the form very much, so as to make it less trying; still it is the young lady's bonnet par excellence.

For morning bonnets the "Empire" style still prevails, but the fanchon is still much in favour; they are very small and not much trimmed. Thus, a bonnet of light green velvet, the "Empire" style, was trimmed with a torsade of the same crossed with pearls and trimmed with a small feather.

Another, of "Regina" velvet, with "Empire" curtains, cut in three points, and trimmed with gold sequins, forming pandelouques. A very beautiful feather of the same shade of colour is placed at the left side, and is carried across the bonnet. The edge of the bonnet is trimmed with sequins. The inside has a bandeau of velvet and gold. Strings of satin spotted with gold.

A plush bonnet, trimmed with white marabouts and clochettes of blue velvet with silver stamens. Wreaths of these flowers ornament the inside as well as the outside. A magnificent ribbon of blue velvet worked with silver, and a fall of blonde forming the curtain and falling over the strings, completes the trimming.

For evening toilettes, flowers, gold, pearls, and bandelettes are worn, but very little besides the hair is worn. The "Empire" style is gaining favour daily.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO BELVOIR CASTLE.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale, returned to Marlborough House on Saturday afternoon, from a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle.

On the day previous (Friday) the meet of the Vale of Belvoir Hunt took place at Weaver's Lodge, and though the weather was pitiless, the rain falling heavily and the wind blowing a gale, some two or three thousand persons assembled, and at about twelve o'clock the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Sutherland, Duke of St. Alban's, Viscount Hamilton, Lord John Manners, Colonel Kingscote, Major Teesdale, &c., arrived. At Sapperton a fox was soon found, which yielded a good run of an hour's length, and was killed. All the party got thoroughly drenched, and, en route for Belvoir, the Prince and party lunched at the Angel Hotel, Grantham. It is somewhat singular that exactly 653 years before—on the 23rd February, 1213—King John held his court in la Chambre le Roi, a large room over the ancient gateway, in which the Prince and party lunched. In this room, also, on the 19th of October, 1482, Richard III. sealed the deed which ordered the decapitation of Buckingham. After partaking of luncheon the royal party then returned to Belvoir.

The dinner party consisted of a numerous and highly fashionable company, an illustration of which we give on page 600.

In the evening a ball was given in the grand saloon.

On Saturday, after partaking of luncheon, their royal highnesses terminated their visit, proceeding to Grantham, whither they had been preceded by the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of St. Alban's, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Mary Loftus, Viscount Hamilton, and Colonel Kingscote.

From all parts of the "hautevole" and the adjacent country the inhabitants thronged to the route to get a view of their royal highnesses. The Belvoir Corps of Volunteers were on duty as a guard of honour, under the command of Captain Storer, Lieut. Gillett, and Ensign Stanley.

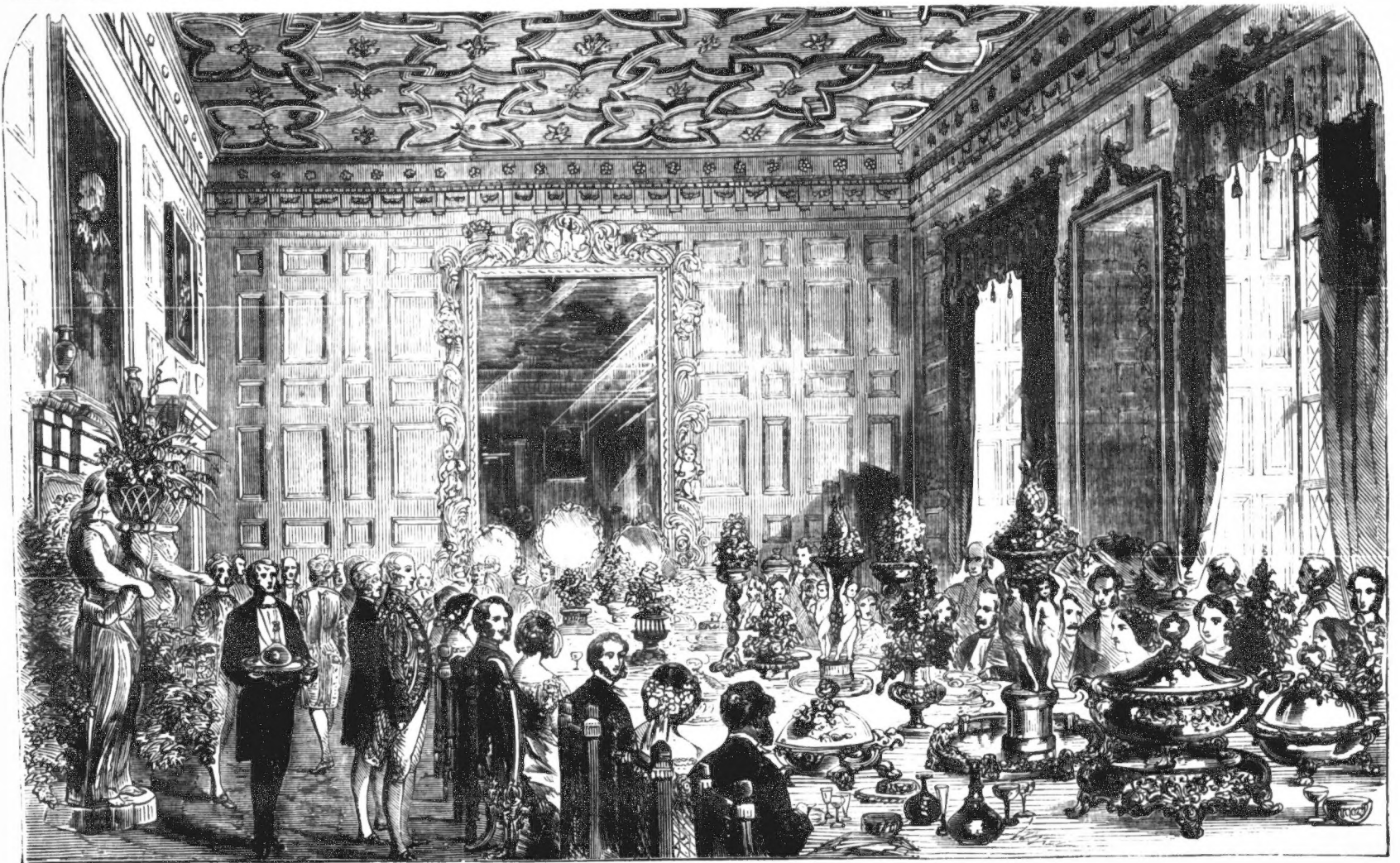
As their royal highnesses, seated in an open carriage, accompanied by the Duke of Rutland, left the castle, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired.

Their royal highnesses having arrived at the Grantham Railway Station were received by Lord Colville, as one of the directors of the Great Northern Railway, and were conducted by the Duke of Rutland to the Princess's waiting room. At about half-past three the first part of 1230 train from York to London, which had been run in duplicate from Doncaster, arrived, and to it was attached two royal saloon carriages, into the first of which their royal highnesses (after taking a very cordial leave of the Duke of Rutland and the rest of the nobility) entered, and the train left, amidst enthusiastic cheering, for London.

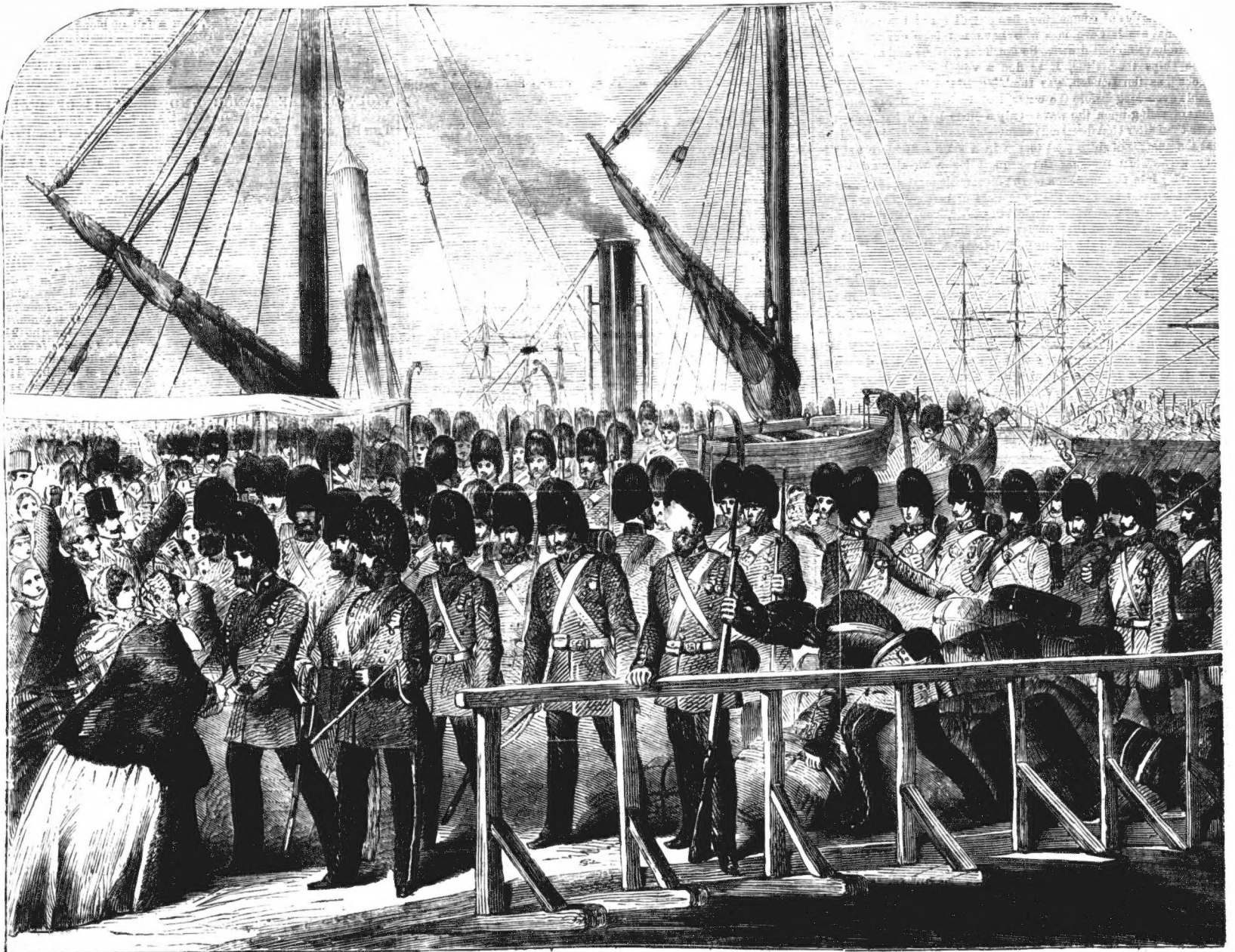
DISSEMBARKATION OF THE OLDSTREAM GUARDS AT DUBLIN.

THE landing of this fine body of the household Guards at Dublin created quite a lively sensation. Their reception, indeed, by the upper and middle class inhabitants, might almost be termed enthusiastic. The same regiment has before done active service in past troublous times in Ireland. On page 600 we give an illustration of the disembarkation.

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 129, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—[Advertisement.]



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO BELVOIR CASTLE.—THE BANQUET. (See page 599.)



FENIANISM.—DISEMBARKATION OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT DUBLIN. (See page 599.)



APOLLO SLAYING THE PYTHON. After a Picture by J. M. Turner. (See page 599.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE—A morning performance was given at this establishment on Monday in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. Nearly every principal theatre in the metropolis sent its representative or representatives. From the Haymarket there were Miss Nelly Moore, Messrs. Backstone, Chippendale, Rogers, and Clark; from the Olympic, Miss E. Farrer, Messrs. H. Neville and G. Vincent, the Lyceum, Mr. George Jordan; and Drury Lane, Mrs. Herman Vezin. The play was Mr. Bonicelli's comedy of "London Assurance," which was very admirably acted, and was received with great applause. The following was the cast:—Sir Harcourt Courty, Mr. Chippendale; Max Harkaway, Mr. Rogers; Charles Courty, Mr. H. Neville; Dolly Sparker, Mr. Backstone; Dazzle, Mr. G. Jordan; Mark Meddle, Mr. Compton; Oool, Mr. Clark; Isaac, Mr. G. Vincent; Lady Gay Sparker, Mrs. Herman Vezin; Grace Harkaway, Miss Nelly Moore; Port, Miss E. Farrer. The most noticeable among the representations were Mr. Backstone's Dolly Sparker, Mr. Compton's Mark Meddle, and Miss Nelly Moore's Grace Harkaway. Mrs. Herman Vezin was warmly applauded as Lady Gay Sparker. Mr. George Jordan, as Dazzle, did not shine particularly in his character; but for this he may be excused, as he took the part almost at the last moment, as a substitute for Mr. Sothers, who could not attend. The performance was extremely successful, viewed from an artistic point of view; but we fear the receipts will not greatly help to swell the coffers of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. The doors closed at five o'clock, only to open again at half-past six, and at seven the curtain rose for the performance of "The Merchant of Venice," with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, and Mrs. Herman Vezin as Portia. Mr. Phelps was loudly applauded in his principal scenes; for it is certainly one of his best Shakspearian achievements, the acting being most powerful in the scene with Tubal in the third act, and in the judgment scene. Mrs. Herman Vezin made an exceedingly interesting Portia, and the famous speech on mercy was beautifully spoken, and with a clearness and distinctness of enunciation that brought home to the ear every syllable she uttered. At the close they were both enthusiastically called before the curtain. The pantomime is still running a merry career, and is certain to see the season out. The success of "King Pippin" has indeed been unprecedented.

SADLER'S WELLS—The success attending the revival of "Lucrezia Borgia" induced the management to keep it another week on its bill. It has, therefore, been played first throughout the past week. As Lucrezia, we have already spoken of the tragic power and pathos which Miss Marriott throws into that character. The intense feeling which she displays has had the effect of bringing her before the curtain nightly amidst loud and well-merited applause. Mr. D. H. Jones, and Messrs. E. H. Brooke, Warde, Norman, Johnstone, &c., have also been well received. Mr. D. H. Jones, with Miss Bellair, have appeared also in the attractive drama of "King Biaz." On Monday evening next Miss Marriott takes her annual benefit, and we trust the house will be crowded on the occasion. The pieces selected are "Ingomar" and "The Wonder." In the first, Miss Marriott sustains the part of the Greek captive, Parthenia; and for Ingomar, Mr. James Bennett has kindly given his services. In the "Wonder," Miss Marriott plays Donna Violante, and Mr. D. H. Jones, Don Felix.

MARYLEBONE—Mr. J. A. Cave has taken up the sensation caused by the recent articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and transferred the scene in Lambeth workhouse to the stage of Marylebone. The drama is called "The Casual Ward; or, Workhouse Life." The veritable "Old Daddy" himself appears in workhouse clothes, and upon him all the interest really hangs, although he has nothing whatever to do with the plot, and is seen but for a very brief period in the exceedingly well-managed "Ward" scene. "Daddy" appears to be rather over sixty years of age, is of the middle height, and rather stoutly built. He has a quick, intelligent eye, with hair, beard, and moustache, has very little to say, and wears a grey suit. He is at present under articles to Mr. Cave, and is greeted with a warmth many professed actors might envy. It is unnecessary to enter minutely into the plot of the drama, and a slight sketch will suffice. A will in favour of Richard Glover has been made by a rich Calcutta merchant, and is taken from him in the "Casual Ward" by John Graspleigh, in league with Mr. Foxton, a lawyer and usurer. Graspleigh has not only reduced Glover and his daughter, Clara, to the condition of "casuals," but has brought Philip Wilson, an honest clerk, to absolute beggary and Lambeth workhouse. A detective, Tibbets by name, is empowered by the authorities to represent the badge of the parish, and, together with Daddy, he is constantly in and out of the refreshing apartment prepared for "casuals." In this airy saloon the oppressor, Graspleigh, and his victims (Miss Glover excepted) meet, and after having stolen the will from the sleeping Glover, Graspleigh gives it to the sham Beadle, and bribes him to take care of it. He thus entraps himself, and in the last act, after a series of swifling transactions in the house of Flint and Co., where he is head clerk, Graspleigh is utterly confounded by Tibbets, the detective, who produces the will, and sets everything right. Tibbets has a sweetheart, Patty, who, in boy's clothes, watches over Graspleigh's movements, and assists in defeating him. The Ward scene, with its bare floor, sick beds, one gas light, pail of water, canvas-covered doorway, songs, fights, smoking parties, and everything but the "sweating club," is paraphrased to the letter. In another scene a group of casuals is discovered huddled together waiting for the workhouse door to be opened. The "business" and general arrangement of the Lambeth-walk scene is very carefully ordered. All the "character," dramatically speaking, is centred in the thieves, Bunke, Hulke, Chivay, Fench, and Kay. The drama is well played throughout, and is vociferously received. The pantomime of "Fayre Rosamond," in which Mr. J. A. Cave plays Henry the Second with much humour, precedes the drama, which bids fair to have more than a "casual" run.

MR. H. CORRI—Although Covent Garden Theatre is closed the benefit for this afflicted artist will still take place, but whether at the house originally intended or not has to be settled, his friends being determined to accomplish their praiseworthy intentions.—*Ere.*

MR. CHARLES DILLON has been very ill, and unable to fulfil his engagements in New York and Philadelphia, consequently cannot return to England so soon as he expected. He reappeared at Boston on the 8th ult., and although it was the coldest day and most stormy night known there for a century, he played to a great house. The Boston papers speak very highly of him.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC-HALL—Mr. F. Smith, the well-known outdoor manager of this ably-conducted hall, takes his benefit here on Wednesday evening next, when, no doubt, he will realise his accustomed "bumper." Among those who have given their services are Mr. W. Randall and Mr. Harry Sydney, besides a very large array of extra talent.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL—One of those supremely admirable performances which enable this veteran society to maintain a position of isolated superiority over its contemporaries took place on Friday evening. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was the work presented, and Mme. Parepa, Mme. Salanton-Dolby, Miss Julia Derby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss were the solo singers. Mr. Costa was, of course, in the usual place which he fills with such high credit to himself and satisfaction to those who habitually profit by his unwearying exertions.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

Speculation on the spring handicaps was desultory, and tame as well. For the Two Thousand, Sindent was again strongly fancied, 100 to 20 being taken kindly when procurable, and in one instance a shade less was accepted, in the shape of £325 to £100. Lord Lyon was under suspicion for the Derby, a tremendous offer of eight "monkeys" failing to elicit a response from any quarter. Aspley was backed to win £10,000 at the very handsome price of 100 to 1. Closing prices:—

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE—9 to 1 agst Mr. B. J. Angell's Alcibiade, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb (off, t 10 to 1); 9 to 1 agst Lord Ponlett's Cortolvin, aged, 12st 6lb (off, t 10 to 1); 11 to 1 agst Mr. E. Bourasat's Laura, 5 yrs, 11st (off); 12 to 1 agst Mr. Welf's Oracle, aged, 10st 10lb (t); 100 to 8 agst Mr. W. R. H. Powell's Patrician, aged, 13st 2lb (t); 1000 to 7 agst Baron von Grooven's Mistake, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb (t); 100 to 6 agst Captain Shaw's Merrimac, aged, 10st 7lb (off, t 20 to 1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Oliver's Garolier, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. W. Robinson's King of Hearts, aged, 10st 2lb (off); 30 to 1 agst Count Furstenberg's Effenberg, aged, 12st 8lb (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Halford's Hornet, 6 yrs, 11st (t); 250 to 25 agst Patrician, with a start (t).

CITY AND SUBURBAN—15 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Out-and-Outter, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (off, t 20 to 1); 22 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Brahms, 4 yrs, 7st (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. Slater's Dublety, 4 yrs, 6st (t).

CHESTER CUP—500 to 20 agst Mr. J. Scott's Baragah, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb (t).

TWO THOUSAND—5 to 2 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off); 8 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Student (off, 100 to 30 t); 12 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Janitor (t).

THE DERBY—8 to 1 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off); 1,000 to 100 agst Mr. B. Drewitt's Aspley (t).

SALE OF A COMIO SINGER!

[From the *Glasgow Herald*.]

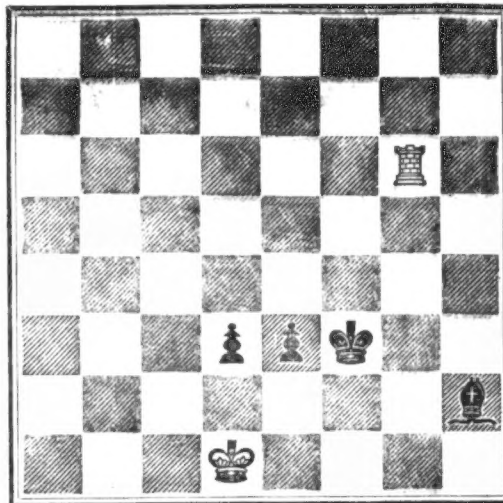
A novel sale, by public auction, took place within the rooms of Messrs Hutchison and Dixon, West Nile street. For several days placards may have been observed in the city announcing the sale of the services of Mr. James Taylor, described as "The Champion Comio of Great Britain." On certain conditions Mr. Taylor proffered his services for four months, from November next, to the highest bidder, engaging to sing twice every lawful evening in any establishment, and in any town to which he might be sent. The novelty of the affair doubtless excited a good deal of curiosity amongst Mr. Taylor's professional brethren in the city, who yesterday afternoon crowded into "The Mart" as the hour of sale approached. At five o'clock Mr. Hutchison moved himself into a chair which was placed on the top of the table, and was soon afterwards supported on the right by Mr. Taylor, for whom similar accommodation in this elevated position had been provided. The gentlemen who were expected to become bidders stood or were seated in front of the auctioneer. Many of them were smoking cigars, and an array of champagne glasses which studded a green baize-covered table gave promise of pleasures yet to come. Mr. Hutchison opened the proceedings by explaining the circumstances under which he came to occupy the chair; but before advancing to the real business of the day he caused the champagne to be handed round, while the company smoked and chatted, chafed Mr. Taylor in a quiet way, and quaffed his health with fraternal fervour. Thus comfortably circumstanced, the bidding began. The first offer made was £100, immediately increased to £110; but it was evident that this was intended merely as a start, because the bidding went up with a rush through all the intermediate tens till £230 was reached. Offers were now advanced more cautiously; and when £315 was gained the bidders became so shy that a cunning suggestion was made that some more champagne bottles should be uncorked. The hint was acted upon, and the sparkling beverage again went round. After a brief interval, and what seemed a grateful refresher, Mr. Hutchison again went to work, but it appeared still to be a stiff up-hill struggle with him. At 325 the "last call" was threatened by the auctioneer; but two additional bids were faintly ventured upon, and at 335d the services for four calendar months of the "Champion Comio" were secured on behalf of the proprietor of the White-bait Concert Rooms. The bidding, as it seemed, was confined to one or two gentlemen representing the proprietors of concert rooms in the city. After being knocked down Mr. Taylor sprang up with characteristic alertness to thank the company for their patronage, and, descending from his perch, was lost amongst the crowd.

COMBINATION OF FOOTMEN—The difficulty of getting servants, in our wonted acceptance of the term, is not likely to decrease, if one may draw any inference from the following little anecdote, which I was told as a fact. A gentleman rang his bell and was answered by a housemaid instead of his man. "Where is Thomas?" "He is gone out, sir." "Indeed! Where has he gone?" "I do not know, sir." "Send him to me when he comes in." About two hours afterwards Thomas appears. His master, somewhat sharply, tells him that he ought not to go out without asking permission, &c. Thomas replies calmly, "I am sorry to ill-convenience you, sir; but I was compelled to attend an important meeting." "A meeting? Pray, may I ask the object of it?" "Why sir," replied Thomas, gravely, "we went together to consider how many hours a-day we shall give to service."—*Manchester Examiner*.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT—One of the most extraordinary accidents we remember to have recorded in this town occurred on the premises of Mr. Edward Marriage, East Mill, Colchester, on Wednesday. About half-past eleven o'clock, a.m., a waggon load of corn, the property of Mr. Green, farmer and miller, of Fordham, arrived at East Mill, and after unloading two of the horses were brought round to turn the waggon. In coming back, however, it had to pass close to the edge of the mill arch, and in passing over this arch one of the horses swooned or shied at the tail water, and the animal falling heavily on the iron railing skirting the roadway dragged the other horses along with it. The waggoner held firmly to his horses until the railings, posts, and brickwork gave away, when the horses were hurled over a distance of twelve feet into the river, turning a complete somersault and dragging the empty waggon after them. The panic-stricken waggoner, a man of fifty, miraculously escaped going over with the horses by quitting his hold at the moment; and on alarming the millers they instantly shut off the water, which was driving four pairs of stones and the dressing machine. A number of persons were speedily at hand, and proceeded to release the horses, which were lying on their sides, one over the other, covered with water, though by keeping their heads above it they were saved from drowning. After a lapse of about three quarters of an hour they were got out, apparently uninjured, the force of the current, which was three feet deep, having probably served to break the fall. Had the accident occurred at high tide, when the water is ten or twelve feet deep, the horses must have been drowned. The waggon, which was turned bottom upward, fortunately did not fall on the horses, and the body of the vehicle being disconnected from the wheels, was afterwards drawn out of the river by the horses under the arch of East-bridge.—*Chelmsford Chronicle*.

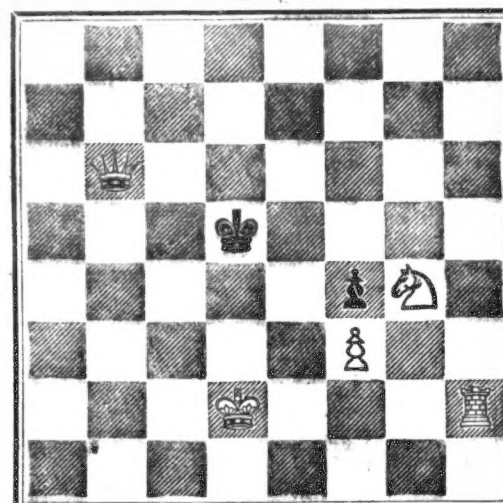
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 338.—By F. G. RAISOR, Esq. Black.



White.
Black even without the move wins.
*(From the "Chess Player's Magazine.")

PROBLEM No. 339.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq. Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

F. R. (Acle).—1. The position submitted is drawn, as it appears to us. 2. If, in the Problem you refer to, Black move his K to Q 3, mate follows on the move by Q to Q B 7.

F. MANSSELL (Mona).—Problems should be submitted to us on diagrams; we cannot otherwise undertake to examine them. 2. A Pawn can only move diagonally when taking a piece or Pawn. Surely if you are deficient in such elementary matters, you can hardly yet be competent to the composition of a Problem fit for publicity.

J. BARLIN.—Your adversary missed an opportunity of drawing the game at his 22nd move; e.g.:

22. Kt takes B 23. R takes R
Q to Kt 8 R takes B (ch) 24. Q takes Kt
R to K 6 R takes P
25. Q to B square 26. R to K square, and draws easily

T. BOYLE.—You can obtain directions for playing the game of "double Chess," by applying to Messrs. Jeques, of Heston Garden, Holborn.

R. B. W..—We beg to thank you for your acceptable batch of Problems. We have, as you will perceive, lost no time in availing ourselves of one of them.

THE marriage of the Marquis of Queensberry and Miss Sybil Montgomery, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Montgomery, and granddaughter of Lord Leonfield, was solemnized on Monday morning at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, in the presence of a very numerous company. The church was filled with friends of both families as spectators on the occasion. The bride was attended to the altar by ten youthful ladies acting as bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father. The Hon. and Rev. Grantham Manton York, rector of St. Philip's, Birmingham, officiated at the ceremony. Among the company present at the church were the Marchioness of Queensberry and Ladies Gertrude and Florence Douglas, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady O. Churchill, &c. Early in the afternoon the newly-married couple left town for Braxted Park, Essex, the seat of Mr. Du Cane.

PRIZE-FIGHTING.—There are no less than twelve prize-fights to come off this month between professionals of the pugilistic corps for stakes varying from £20 to £100. The great match for the championship and £400, in which Mace and Goss are the aspirants, will take place in May next. Stakes of £100, for which Brooke and Ryall contended on Thursday last, have been equally divided between the men. The difficulty of obtaining a locality to bring the fights off has of late become very frequent, and great device and stratagem has to be resorted to by "the managers" to secure a quiet and safe spot for the contests.

LEARNED MONKEYS IN A FIX.—The *Journal des Gend* cites a rather curious result of the law which prohibits the entry of cattle into Belgium. Mr. Delanour, manager of a company of learned monkeys, proposing to exhibit them at the next fair at Ghent, has not been able to obtain leave for his pupils to pass the Belgian frontier.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—[Adver. Inserted.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Two men were brought before the Lord Mayor, charged, separately, with attempting to commit suicide. In one case the offender was a cabinet-maker, without home. A City police-constable had met him on Sunday night on Southwark-bridge, and observing that his manner was strange and suspicious, asked him if anything was amiss with him. He replied that he had thrown his child into the Thames, and that he meant to make away with himself. He was taken to the Bow-lane police-station, and had not been long there before he attempted to strangle himself in his cell. From inquiries the constable afterwards made of a relative of the prisoner's wife, he found the child which the prisoner said he had thrown into the river was safe. The prisoner behaved in a wild, irrational manner before the court, insisting that he had made away with the child, and that he had a right to commit suicide if he liked. The Lord Mayor remanded him for a week, in order that the surgeon of Newgate might have opportunities of judging of the state of his mind.—In the other case, the prisoner, a marble polisher, had a quarrel with his wife while passing over London-bridge on the previous evening, and he was seen to mount the parapet in a state of excitement and throw off his coat, as if he were about to leap over. A constable seized him while in that dangerous position and dragged him back, locking him up afterwards at a police-station over night. The Lord Mayor discharged him with an admonition.

BOW STREET.

INGENUOUS FRAUD.—George Essen, alias Herbert, alias Marshall, who said he is a book-maker, but declined to give his address, and William Charles Allen, medical assistant, of Friar-street, Soho, were brought up in custody of one of the warrant officers of the court, the former charged with obtaining the sum of £12 15s by false and fraudulent pretences, of Mr. Baker, a draper at Alford, Lincolnshire, and the latter with being concerned with him. An extensive system of swindling has been for some time in operation, by which persons in various parts of the country have been defrauded by pretended loan offices in London, false checks, apparently drawn upon respectable banks, being forwarded in separate halves, and it is alleged that forty or fifty of these cases will be brought home to the prisoners. Only two of them have as yet been entered into. Towards the end of last year an advertisement appeared in a Hull newspaper offering loans of money on personal security, application to be made to Charles Herbert and Co., of 7, Herbert's-passages, Strand, London, W.C. Mr. Baker applied for a loan of £500, and, after some correspondence, received a reply that he might have the sum for eight years at five per cent, the amount to be repaid by eight instalments of £52 10s. One half of a check for £500 was enclosed, and Mr. Baker was requested to return a promissory note for £25, the first year's interest, and 10s. for the bill stamp, or half that amount if more convenient. Mr. Baker sent a check for £12 15s. on the Stamford, Spalding, and Boston Banking Company. He received a reply, enclosing the other half of the check drawn on the London and Westminster Bank, Westminster branch, St. James's-street. Mr. Baker came to town, presented the check, and was told there was no account. Accompanied by Mr. Manvers, the warrant-officer from Bow-street, he went to 7, Herbert's-passages, and found it a very poor place. A Mrs. Donovan, the wife of a labourer residing there, mentioned that she had taken in letters for a Mr. Herbert, who called for them with a person she supposed to be his brother. From further inquiries he found that some similar frauds had been committed in the neighbourhood of York. A person there had been induced to forward a post-office order, drawn upon the post-office in Holborn to a pretended loan society in West-street, Soho, who had agreed to advance him £50. After posting the letter containing the post-office order his suspicions were aroused, and he consulted the postmaster at York, who at once pronounced the whole transaction a swindle, and reserved the letter of advice, and forwarded the correspondence to the Post-office authorities. The letters from Soho, signed Charles Marshall, were in the same handwriting as those of "Herbert," from Herbert's-passages. On inquiry at Friar-street Manvers found that the house at which the letters were received was a coffee-shop, and received from a little girl, the landlady's niece, a description of the two men who were in the habit of calling for the letters, agreeing with that given by Mrs. Donovan. At the post-office in Holborn he found that two men answering the same description had repeatedly called, demanding payment of the post-office orders, which had been refused, as the advice had not been received. Ultimately, by order of the London Post-office authorities, the advice was forwarded. On the day when it was received, Manvers, passing through Holborn on other duty (connected with the business of the court), saw Essen come out of the post-office with a woman, and recognising him by the description he had received, made inquiries of the post-office clerk, who informed him that she had just paid the post-office order to the person in question. Upon these facts Mr. Vaughan granted him a warrant. Next day Manvers again met Essen in Holborn with the same woman and apprehended him. On the way to the station, in obedience to a hint from Essen, the woman slipped away. Manvers, after conveying him to the station and locking him up, hurried to Friar-street, Soho, and kept watch at a house whither he suspected that Essen had sent the woman. He followed up-stairs into a room where he found Allen, with two other men and a woman. He apprehended Allen. Both prisoners were identified by lodgers at the house in Herbert's-buildings as being the persons who used to receive letters from Mrs. Donovan. The latter refused to appear and give evidence, but Manvers took out a summons to secure her attendance at the next examination. The prisoners were remanded.

A "HEAD CENTRE" IN HIS CUPS.—A gentlemanly-looking young Irishman, named Patrick Brennan, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in New Oxford-street, on Sunday night. Police-man A 717 said he found the prisoner in the street, in a drunken condition, shouting and collecting a crowd. Witness spoke to him and advised him to go away quietly. He replied, "Let me alone, I am a Fenian head centre, and I shall do as I like." Finding it impossible to put an end to the disturbance in any other way, witness took him into custody. Mr. Flowers: I suppose if you believed he was a "head centre" you would consider you had made a good capture? Witness: Yes, your worship, I should not have tried to persuade him to go away. (A laugh.) The prisoner said he was very sorry he had misbehaved himself. He had been out to dinner, and had taken a little too much wine. Mr. Flowers: I suppose you don't want me to believe your statement that you are a Fenian head centre? (Laughter.) The prisoner: No, your worship, I have not the slightest sympathy with that faction. The prisoner was discharged.

WESTMINSTER.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY BY A LODGING HOUSE KEEPER.—George Augustine Webber, a man of respectable appearance, was brought before Mr. Selig, on two distinct charges of felony. Mr. Bury Hutchinson, solicitor, prosecuted. Mr. Edward Anthony, and Mr. Charles Anthony, jun., gentlemen, occupied apartments in prisoner's house, 27, South-street, Charles-square, which he suddenly left last month for Scotland. On the 6th or 7th ult., Mr. Edward Anthony missed an opera glass, a crust stand, and a great quantity of wearing apparel, and about the same time Mr. Charles Anthony found that two portmanteaus, and a fur coat which was worth £20,

were gone. Prisoner had been asked to sell the fur coat, as the owner had no further use for it, and had said that he had been offered £20 for it, but Mr. C. Anthony had refused to take that sum, and might probably have consented to lend him one of the portmanteaus, but he never gave him any authority to take the other, or pawn any of the things. Some pawnbrokers and a salesman introduced the property in both cases, which had been pledged and sold by the prisoner. The prisoner was committed for trial.

CLERKENWELL.

ASSAULT ON A CONSTABLE BY A WOMAN.—Margaret Lynch, a prostitute, was charged before Mr. Barker with being drunk and disorderly and violently assaulting Police-constable Norman, 150 Y, in the execution of his duty at Pentonville-road. The evidence showed that during the greater part of the previous night the prisoner had been parading Pentonville, and annoying every respectable person that passed. As she would not go away, the constable took her into custody, and on the way to the police-station she broke his finger, and was so violent that she got him down, and again bit him severely on the thigh and body. She was at last got to the station and locked up. The prisoner, in reply to the charge, said she was sorry for what she had done, and it would not have occurred had she not been the worse for liquor. Mr. Barker inquired if anything was known of the antecedents of the prisoner. The police-constable stated that she had only been a few days out of prison. She had been sentenced to six weeks hard labour for assaulting a man on the head at Pentonville-road with a pit pole. Mr. Barker sentenced her to be kept to hard labour for two calendar months. The prisoner on being removed made use of some very coarse expressions.

CONCEALMENT OF BIRTH.—A respectable-looking young woman, who gave the name of Mary Ann Lindell, who described herself as a domestic servant, having no home, was charged before Mr. Barker with unlawfully disposing of the dead body of her female bastard child on the 4th February, at 11, Clarence-street, St. Luke's. The prisoner was so weak and ill that she was allowed to be seated during the examination. Mrs. Catherine Clason said: I am a widow, and reside at 11, Clarence-street, St. Luke's. This young woman (the prisoner at the bar) kept company with my son, and they were in a short time to be married. On Sunday three weeks, between the hours of four and five, she came to my house to see my son, and was taken very ill. My son was waiting to take her out for a walk, but he had to go without her. She went several times to the back yard, and I gave her some tea and some brandy. About an hour afterwards I had occasion to go to the back-yard, and I saw a child lying there. The prisoner said she did not wish to ask the witnesses any questions. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner for a few days.

WORSHIP STREET.

SHAMEFUL ASSAULT ON A LADY BY A BEGGAR.—Patrick Condon, one of the most filthy-looking objects that eyes ever rested upon in the form of a human being, was charged with violently assaulting Mrs. Caroline Chalkley, who, under extreme excitement, deposed: This morning I was at the Whitecross-place Ragged School, where I occasionally teach. I know the prisoner as having been in the practice of going there for the past eight years as a vendor of matches, and the master of the school was in the practice of giving him a basin of soup when there was more than sufficient for the school. I knew such would not be the case, and the master being absent, I, from a desire not to keep the prisoner waiting, told him that there would not be any soup to spare. He appeared not to understand me, and I asked him if he did so; he replied, "No, not quite." I told him to approach nearer, and on his doing so I repeated in kind tones the words I had used, which were no sooner uttered than he thrust his stick through the railings that parted us, manifestly with the view of seriously injuring me in the face. The point of the stick struck me just beneath the right eye, and it is a great mercy that I am not blind. (An abrasion of the skin on the spot mentioned was clearly perceptible, and the witness shed tears.) He called me a most disgraceful name and hurried away. Some of the children were about me and great confusion prevailed. When he was brought back I gave him into custody. William Leyton said he saw and heard what passed. It was exactly as described by the lady. G 968: I know prisoner as a beggar going about selling matches. Bandal (the gaffer): I have known him as a beggar for thirteen years. About that time I took him in custody for such an offence, and a violent resistance he made. He has never got his living any other way than by begging. Mr. Ellison: Now, what can you say for yourself? Prisoner (in well-chosen terms): Well, sir, the master generally buys matches of me, and invites me to take soup. Unfortunately he was not present this morning—not that I cared about that article, for I was somewhat indispensed; but in his absence a vast number of bad characters assemble, and those persons pushed me about, which treatment, coupled with this person continually repeating the words, "No soup to-day—none to-day—and be off," certainly exasperated me. I would much rather have made my escape quietly, but they would not allow me, and I might have made use of ill-mannered words, but I had no idea of injuring this person. Constable: Your worship's pardon. On seeing the mark he had inflicted he said that if the opportunity offered he would do it again. Mr. Ellison: I judge of the motive by the act. It is indeed a mercy you have not blinded the lady. If ever again you are brought before me on such a charge as this, I give you full notice that I shall send you for trial. Prisoner: Oh, your worship. Mr. Ellison: I send you to prison for three weeks, with hard labour. Prisoner: Well, your worship, I can't express any objection to that; and the fellow was locked up.

ASSAULT BY A MEDICAL MAN.—Dr. Joseph Kenny, of High-street, Stoke Newington, was charged with assaulting Mr. William Butler, one of his articulated medical pupils. Mr. Louis Lewis, of Ely-place, appeared for the complainant, and Mr. Taylor, the barrister, for the defence. It appeared that the complainant had been articled to the defendant about three years ago, his friends at Purley, in Berkshire, paying a premium of £200 with him, and he resided in the defendant's house. Mr. Butler and another pupil, named Spencer, were walking Guy's Hospital, and studying for an approaching examination. They wished to sit up at night, but Dr. Kenny would not allow them to do so. He wished them to retire at eleven o'clock, but to get up at any hour they thought fit in the morning. A serious quarrel ensued. The defendant, on the 23d ult., met the complainant on the stairs coming down without his coat, and told him to go back. On the complainant resisting, he went to the umbrella stand, and taking out a walking cane, struck the complainant on the arm with it, raising two weals which were visible for a week. The complainant afterwards left the house and went home to his friends. Mr. Spencer apologized, and is now on good terms with the defendant. Mr. Taylor pleaded the great aggravation to which his client had been subjected by the unreasonable conduct of the complainant, and cited "Blackstone" and Hawkins' "Pleas of the Crown" as perfectly justifying the defendant, under the circumstances, in inflicting a reasonable beating on the complainant, which he contended this was. Mr. Ellison thought it was at all reasonable that the defendant, as the father of a family, should be upon the lights being extinguished at eleven o'clock, even though the student was rising up for an examination, as they had full liberty to resume their studies at an early hour as they chose. He could not say that the blows were a reasonable correction, considering the age—apparently about nineteen or twenty—of the complainant, but he could not help saying that the conduct of the young man was most objectionable, and that he had brought the assault upon himself. He should order

the defendant to pay a fine of 5s. and costs, or undergo seven days imprisonment in default.

THAMES.

GERMANS IN THEIR CUPS.—Peter Orlopp, aged 25, John Orlopp, 35, and Peter Gryson, 22, walking-stick manufacturers, of No. 4a, Albert-road, Victoria-park, well-dressed Germans, were charged with the following offences:—On Saturday night, at half-past nine o'clock, the prisoners entered the White Raven public-house, Mile-end, and Gryson asked for Mr. Stahn. They were informed that he was in the club-room up-stairs, and they all proceeded thither. The whole party sat down to drink wine, and in a short time they had four bottles, two of which were called for by Gryson and Orlopp. They became noisy and troublesome. By some accident three glasses were broken. Mr. Stahn called for the account, and said that he and his friend would pay for two bottles of wine, and "those gentlemen," pointing to the prisoners, would pay for the remainder. The prisoners swore and raved, and said they would pay for nothing. Mr. Stahn remonstrated with them, and said, "I thought I had been taking wine with gentlemen, and not with blackguards. You are surely not going to refuse to pay for wine after calling for it?" A row ensued. One of the prisoners struck Mr. Stahn, who defended himself and got the worst of it. He was severely beaten. The prisoners acted like madmen, and five chairs and two tables were broken. The landlady and her servants called upon a constable named Lewis, 403 K, to enter the house and suppress the disturbance. The constable went up-stairs and saw Peter Orlopp with a chair raised over his head, and about to throw it at Mr. Stahn. The constable laid hold of him by the arm and told him to put down the chair, on which John Orlopp threw him on the floor and kicked him in the ribs several times. Lewis made an effort to rise, and laid hold on the leg of a table to assist him. As he was doing so Gryson seized his fore finger, and bit it severely. Lewis, finding he was unable to cope with the prisoners, went to the door, sprang his rattle, and obtained assistance. The prisoners were then taken into custody. The wound on the constable's finger was a severe one. It was canterized by a surgeon. The landlady of the White Raven estimated the damage done to her property at £2 10s. The prisoners had not paid for the wine they called for or the glasses they had broken. The prisoners declared they were tipsy. Mr. Paget said he should deal with the case as he always dealt with brutal assaults on the police. He sentenced Gryson and John Orlopp each to two months' imprisonment and hard labour for the assault on Lewis. Peter Orlopp would be discharged.

EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF A PAUPER.—Nicholas Welsh, aged 21, an able-bodied man, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with disorderly and refractory conduct, and destroying property in the Mile-end Old Town Workhouse, in the Bancroft-road. The prisoner had been chargeable to the hamlet at intervals for the last two years. On one occasion he committed a violent assault on a pauper, for which he was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour. On the 18th of the present month he was admitted as a casual pauper into the ward set apart for casuals, but owing to his being afflicted with illness he was allowed to remain in the workhouse, was treated with great kindness and consideration by the guardians, was restored to health, and provided with clothing to enable him to obtain employment. He was to have been discharged on Monday, and on that being communicated to him he became very outrageous. He wanted to remain in the workhouse and lead a life of idleness, and in return for the care that was taken of him he commenced early in the morning to fling the earthenware vessels in his ward into the yard below; one fell close to the feet of an aged invalid, who escaped miraculously. The prisoner was soon stopped in his work of destruction by Holmes, the porter of the house. The damage was estimated at 2s. 6d. only. The prisoner said if he could not stop in the workhouse, he would go to prison. Mr. Paget said the prisoner was a most worthless and malicious fellow, who wanted to live on the industry of others. The ratepayers had to provide for such persons as the prisoner and other able-bodied paupers before they put a loaf into the mouths of their own children. He sentenced the prisoner to two months' imprisonment and hard labour.

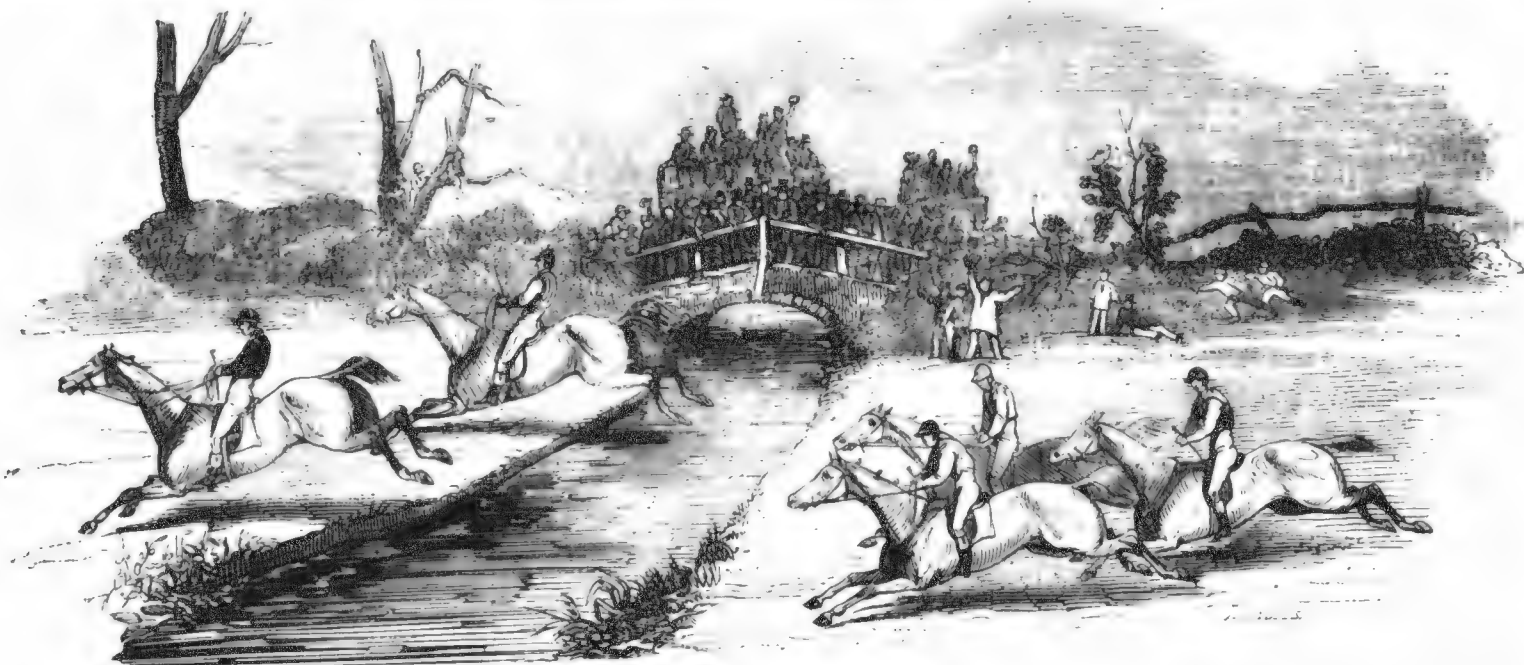
LAMBETH.

REFRACTORY CASUALS.—Anthony Charles Lewis, a powerful and singular-looking man of colour, and George Turner, were brought up from Lambeth Workhouse on the following charge. William Combs, superintendent of the casual ward in Lambeth Workhouse, said the prisoners were two of the casual paupers sent by the police on the night before to the workhouse, and on that morning, after receiving their bread and gruel, they were put to work on the grinding mill to do their usual task. They had not been long at work, when Turner began to smoke his pipe. Witness told him that smoking was not allowed, when he began to abuse him in the most shameful manner, and Lewis said that if any one attempted to deprive him of his pipe he would smash him. Lewis also commenced to sing a lewd song, which set all the men at work laughing, so that they could not get on with their work, and I was at last obliged to send for the police. Turner did not deny smoking, but said that did not prevent his going on with his work, and Lewis said that much of the witness's statement was untrue. Mr. Norton committed the prisoners to twenty-one days' hard labour each.

DANGEROUS THIEVES.—John Lovell, alias "Norfolk Jack," well known to the police, was finally examined on a charge of attempting to steal a bale of goods of the value of 20l. from a wagon belonging to the South-Western Railway Company. Several robberies have recently been committed by a gang of expert and powerful thieves, who watch the loading of the different railway vans at the receiving offices in the City, and then follow them to a narrow street or dark spot favourable to their object, when they snatch off anything they can lay their hands on. The prisoner was watched, and was seen to get behind a van and cut open a bale of goods. As soon as he had done so two of his confederates rushed forward to take the goods from the package. The prisoner was apprehended, but his companions got off. The evidence in the case was quite conclusive of the prisoner's guilt, and he was committed for trial.

GREENWICH.

A WATERMAN CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTING TO THROW A PASSENGER OVERBOARD.—James Thomas Wood, a Thames waterman, plying at Wapping Stairs, appeared to an adjourned summons, before Mr. Traill, charged with assaulting Mr. John Bratton, of 6, Dorset-street, Whitechapel, by attempting to throw him into the river, while conveying him as a passenger in his boat. The complainant said that on the 14th instant he entered the defendant's boat, for the purpose of being conveyed from one side of the river to the other. In doing so, he happened to kick away a piece of plank, used as a stepping-board, when the defendant turned round, and said, "Can't you mind where you are going to? For two pines I would knock your eye out." When near the other side, the defendant seized complainant by the collar, and endeavoured to throw him into the river, but the other passengers rowed the boat ashore, and he got out in safety. The defendant had not even the excuse of being drunk at the time. The defendant, who had obtained an adjournment of the case in order to produce a witness who, he said, was in the boat, denied the assault, but said his witness was not in attendance. Mr. Traill said the assault was of an outrageous character. He should endorse the conviction on the license of the defendant, who would be required to pay a fine of 20s. and 17s. complainant's expenses, or be imprisoned for one month with hard labour. The defendant, who said he had not got the money, was removed in custody.



WINDSOR STEEPLE-CHASES.

WINDSOR STEEPLE-CHASES.

These races came off on Friday and Saturday last. There was a good general attendance, and the company in the private stand, as usual, was both numerous and fashionable. It was rumoured in the early part of the week that the Prince of Wales would be present, as was the case two years ago, but his royal highness preferred to remain at the Duke of Rutland's seat at Belvoir Castle. The course was the same as usual and in much better order for racing than might have been anticipated from the recent rains and the flooded condition of the Thames valley. The track, in fact, is fixed some distance from the low lands, and but for a heavy shower or two the proceedings during the afternoon would have passed off without discomfort. Soon after one o'clock all the five entered ran for the opening race, the Military Sweepstakes, which fell to an outsider, Meerschaum, who was most pluckily ridden by Captain Johnstone, in the colours of his brother, Sir Frederick. The horse fell in the early part of the race, and the rider got a porter, but he was rapidly up again. There was some talk at the sale of an objection, on the ground that the winner was not the property of an officer, but it passed over, and a match on the card being declared off by consent, the Borough Members' Plate, for which half-a-dozen were weighed, came next on the tapis. This afforded a capital race between Banker and Princess Dagmar, and

the penalty carried by the latter for winning at Harrow lost her the prize, as she was beaten a neck, Strike, who was much faulted in addition to the winner and Aggressor, being awfully beaten at the finish. The Guards' Cup—a very handsome prize—went to the favourite, who was ridden by his owner, Lord O. Innes Ker, and a "pot" was landed for the Hunters' Stakes, after a most ludicrous scene. Two of the four competitors were early out of the race, and the other pair, fairly spent by their exertions, came to grief at alternate fences, it being a question at last as to who could get up first. The second jump from home Beverley blundered at, and his jockey could not induce him to move, consequently Ormsby, who lay on the ground a couple of hundred yards off, was remounted by Captain Harford, and ridden home amid a most boisterous scene of excitement. The Selling Steeple Chase was carried off by Ivanhoe, an outsider, and it was productive of plenty of tumbling. Page, the rider of Geraldine, was thrown, and on attempting to rise he was struck so severely by Stiletto on the chest, that a medical man had to be sent for. Another match on the card resulted in a "no go." On the following day (Saturday) the racing was not so satisfactory.

EASTER SUNDAY falls this year on the 1st of April. This circumstance has not occurred since 1804 and will only occur again twice in the present century, in 1877 and 1883.

AFFAIRS AT MEXICO

ADVICES from Mexico affirm that Juarez was still at El Paso on the 17th ultimo. Private letters from Juarez state that he considers the moral support of the Federal Government will ultimately lead to the success of the Republican cause, without armed intervention from the United States.

The military successes of the Imperialists continue. On this page we give an engraving of General Mejia, the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces.

The Mexican papers hope that the United States will offer such explanations and reparation in the Bagdad affair as will remove the necessity for a declaration of war against the United States.

A VOLUNTEER "DRUMMED OUT."—A few days since, at Bradford-on-Avon, one of the members of the 9th Wiltshire drum and fife band, who had proved rebellious, was drummed out, the band playing the "Rogue's March."—Devizes Gazette.

DUEL BETWEEN AN EDITOR AND AN ADVOCATE.—A duel with swords was fought at St. Bonnet, near Brives, between M. Craffon, eldest son of the editor of the *Correze*, and M. Doussaud, advocate, on the subject of an article published by this latter in the *Concilateur*. M. Doussaud was slightly wounded in the lower lip.



GENERAL MEJIA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL MEXICAN ARMY.

DEATH OF SIR
C. PHIPPS, K.C.B.

We regret to have to announce the unexpected death of Colonel the Honourable Sir C. Beaumont Phipps, keeper of her Majesty's privy purse, which melancholy event took place shortly after five o'clock on Saturday morning, at his residence in the ambassador's court, St. James's Palace, after an illness of only two days, from bronchitis. The late Hon. Sir Charles B. Phipps was the second son of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, by Martha Sophia, daughter of Mr. Christopher Thompson Maling, of West Herrington, county Durham. He was born 27th December, 1801, and married 25th June, 1835, Margaret Anne, second daughter of the Ven. Henry Bathurst, Archdeacon of Norwich, by whom he has a family of two sons and two daughters. Sir Charles was formerly in the Scots Fusilier Guards. He was secretary to his brother the late Marquis of Normandy when that nobleman was governor of Jamaica from 1832 to 1834. On the late Marquis of Normandy going to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant in 1835 he was appointed steward of the viceregal household, which he held up to 1839. After acting for a short time as Secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, he was in August, 1846, appointed an equerry to the Queen. In December, 1846, he was made private secretary to his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort; and on the death of Sir Henry Wheatley was made keeper of her Majesty's privy purse, and treasurer to the late Prince Consort, and also treasurer and officer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in October, 1849; was made Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall in 1862, and in January of the following year was appointed one of the council to the Prince of Wales. He was nominated a Knight-Commander of the (Civil Division) Order of the Bath in 1851, in recognition of his faithful services in her Majesty's household.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES PHIPPS, K.C.B.

Our Windsor correspondent writes: "Her Majesty the Queen was deeply affected on receiving telegraphic intelligence at eight o'clock on Saturday morning of the death of Col the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, keeper of her Majesty's privy purse, which melancholy event took place at half-past five o'clock that morning, at his residence in St. James's Palace. The deceased gentleman was attacked by bronchitis on Tuesday morning, and gradually sank despite the skill of his medical attendant. The Queen having determined to pay a visit of condolence to Lady Phipps, an express was forwarded from the Castle to the officials of the Great Western Railway at the Paddington terminus for a special train of the Queen's carriages to be sent to Windsor as early as possible, and at half-past twelve o'clock her Majesty, accompanied by the Princesses Helena and Louise, and attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and General Grey, left for town. Her Majesty remained with Lady Phipps half-an-hour, and then left on her return to Windsor, arriving at the Castle at half-past two o'clock."

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED NAVAL OFFICER.—Commander Molyneux Shuldham died at Brighton on the 23rd inst., aged eighty-four. He entered the navy Jan. 5, 1793, and took part in 1794 in the attack made by Commodore Ford on the Island of St. Domingo, and was promoted to Lieutenant April 15, 1799, and fought under Captain George Murray in the Edgar, at Copenhagen, on April 2, 1801. He was afterwards employed in the Channel and Mediterranean, and held command of the Adder, gun brig, when she was driven on shore and captured near Abreval, Dec. 9, 1805, and remained a prisoner of war in France until April, 1814. He accepted the rank of retired commander on the senior list June 10, 1843. He had received the gold Isis medal and two silver medals from the Society of Arts.

Literature.

MY MOTHER'S HUSBAND.

Of my own father I must first speak. He was English by birth, and the last scion of a proud but impoverished noble. The misfortunes that had reduced his family, inspired him with a distaste for the land of his nativity; and so, gathering together the remnants of a princely fortune, he went to America, and selected a home in the suburbs of a rural village. He erected a curious dwelling, with brick, with narrow Gothic windows, and acute gables—thickly set about with pines and oak, to which he gave his own name—Villers.

My father was a grave, reserved man, much wedded to his books, and a portrait-painter of rare merit.

The third story was used as a library and studio; but books, and papers, and magazines were piled in the parlours, and halls, and dining-room where cases and shelves were, from time to time, placed for their reception.

My mother was totally dissimilar to him. She loved and revered her husband; but they had no tastes in common. He lived in an ideal world—here was peculiarly real and practical.

I think I must have inherited my father's love of study, for I early became his enthusiastic pupil. The recondite principles of science were made plain by the loving teachings of a loving tutor. Until I was sixteen he lived to guide and direct me—upon the saddest days of my life came.

One July day he lay down to sleep, but awoke in great agony. A physician was immediately summoned. I shall never forget the impressions of that hour.

My father lay in his own chamber on the second floor, whose windows faced the west. The sun had just gone down, and a broad belt of crimson begirt the sky. A lurid glare lighted the room. Dr. Henrique, dressed in black, sat by the couch. He was tall and swarthy, with ebony hair and eyes. There was a fiery glow in the deep-set orbs, and a wild, haggard look in the sunken face. My mother stood opposite him, bathing my father's temples.

As the physician examined his patient and prepared the medicine, his keen regards were directed towards my mother.

"Do you think me dangerously ill, doctor?" said my father.

A ghost of a smile played around the doctor's thin lips, as he replied, "Not dangerously; yet, with your permission, I will stay to watch the effect of the medicine."

At last the sufferer sank into a restless slumber. Doctor Henrique suggested that the girl, Betty, should retire. I shrank away into the shadows heaped in a corner. The light burnt faintly on the table—my mother yet remained in her old position, watching anxiously the face already shrunken with suffering. Doctor Henrique rested in an arm-chair, his head thrown back, and his strange, fascinating eyes still regarding my mother.

The clock in the passage tolled away the hours till midnight, and then, with a cry of mortal anguish, my father sprang up. The shriek faded to a moan; he sank back, and the solemn death shadow fell upon his face. My mother, with a deep groan, sank beside him. Doctor Henrique, with the cold smile yet flickering around his mouth, leaned forward with clasped hands, motionless. I ran down and awoke Betty, and Dan, her husband.

I was crazy with sorrow for days after. All the house seemed filled with vapour, through which I saw a coffin and an aching face framed in with silver hair, and my mother in the sable habiliments of mourning, the weeping servants and the weird face of Doctor Henrique.

When I came out of this half-cataleptic state, I found Doctor Henrique domiciled at Villers. He had brought with him a wonderful array of books and chemical apparatus, which had been placed in my father's studio. I remonstrated with my mother for permitting this intrusion; but she seemed completely in the power of the man of whom I had, from the first moment of seeing, stood in mortal terror.

My father died in July; in October my mother became the wife of Doctor Henrique, who pronounced, in the presence of the servants, their own marriage ceremony. I would not be present to witness what I felt would be the consummation of my mother's misery. Half frantic with grief and rage, I flew to my father's grave. It was a beautiful spot, overlooking a small lake with graceful elms swaying above it. I threw myself on the sod heaped above the breast which, alas, throbbled no longer with affectionate pulsations for the bereaved, lonely child. I wept and moaned aloud in agony, lying prone among the dead leaves turning uneasily by me. The wind blew loudly, and tossed the withering foliage of the trees rudely about, and beat up the grey sedges, and frost-blown brakes into

billows, breaking against the mound marking the grave entombing all that heart and soul held dear.

Thereafter I grew reticent and sullen. The house was gloomy. My mother lost her old geniality and pleasant bustling ways; she said little, and shunned me. Dan and Betty were sober and quiet. Doctor Henrique shut himself in the studio, from which issue strong chemical odours and the sound of beating and grinding. When he appeared, he wore a loose gown of black ground covered with scarlet cabalistic designs. He always glowered at me, as though he would consume me with the lurid lightnings of his eyes. He seldom went out, and my mother never went abroad. Gradually, the neighbours ceased the friendly visits which never met with exchange.

Winter came. It was a season of unusual rigour. The snow lay in mammoth piles over the meadows, and rolled up into huge billows along the highway. Everything about Villers seemed changed. The old pines sighed and gibbered. The wind had caught a weird intonation, as though an unseen demon made it the medium of its communication, and down from the studio stole the echoes evolved by the mysterious manipulations of Doctor Henrique.

That fearful winter I when day after day, the snow rushed down from whirling clouds, circling the heavens, and obscuring the sun. When the wind roared madly as it ploughed its way through mountains of snow, which it tossed high in mid-air, and drove against the windows and about the doors, augmenting the gloom of the almost deserted rooms—when the frost enamelled the panes, and pervaded the air, and no note from the outer world reached us!

One dismal day, I sat alone in the parlour trying to read; but I was scarcely cognizant of a single sentence. At last the book fell from my hands, and my mind went out upon the sea of doubt, where it, now-a-days, often lay tossing. Was Doctor Henrique a mortal? and if really belonging to this mundane sphere, was he sane? While I cogitated, I felt his presence in the room. When he entered, I knew not. He had a stealthy tread, and often surprised me on the stairs, or in the hall, when I thought him buried in the goblin mysteries of his lair.

He was standing a little back of me, and at my right. He reached out from the folds of his flame-coloured robe—the robe always reminding me, shudderingly, of the dress of the poor victim of the *auto-da-fe*—a white hand which he let fall on my forehead. It was cold and clammy, and I shivered at its touch.

"You were thinking of me," he said, as that wan semblance of a smile, which always had something sardonic in it, fluctuated on his face.

"How do you know?" I asked, trying to return the gaze of his shaming, reddish-black eyes, which lighted up at my query, just as a dying candle-flame flares up from its socket.

"How do I know there is a bottomless pit?" He bent his head forward; I shrank back. He noticed the movement.

"You are afraid, and well you may be; though I despise you for your fear. Did you know I came down to ask you up to my studio?"

"I shall be obliged to decline the invitation."

"You will be obliged to accept it. Come, I am making some interesting experiments; you have mind enough to be interested."

I saw by his manner that he would compel acquiescence, so I rose, and signified my compliance with his demand.

He strode on before me up the staircase, pausing on the landings to make sure that I followed. He threw open his studio. A thick mist hung from the ceiling, and the aromas of powerful substances, unfamiliar to me, smote my nostrils. He closed the door. There were crucibles and retorts, and a receiver. In a furnace burned some charcoal, and the fumes which impregnated the atmosphere of the apartment arose from the vessel containing a violent liquor standing upon it.

Out of the vapour curling upward, glared a row of fiendish faces; and between the two windows reaching from floor to ceiling, leaned a picture the like of which I never saw—a picture which a mind bordering on frenzy alone could have conceived. All the background was black shadow, save where low down a fiery beam parted the opaque mist, and touched with its blood-red finger the brow of a demon head, loathsome and frightful past description, looking out from the gloom; and something like blood dripped from the outstretched hands, and lay in pools among the caverns of gloom yawning at the feet.

There were statues in all the angles of the room—the embodiments of visionary shapes evoked in a madman's brain.

I fled from the horrible place in dismay, followed by a wild, loud laugh. I had no doubt, thereafter, of Doctor Henrique's insanity. I imparted my fears of the danger of allowing her husband to remain outside the walls of a madhouse; but she was infatuated with the strange man she had wedded. There was a fatal glamour over her perceptions. He fascinated her; she was bewildered and alike attracted by the disordered empiric whose crazy genius dazzled her.

She bade me become rational myself, asserting that I was too impressionable and nervous.

One night—it was June, and the smell of roses permeated the air, and the beams of a full moon fell into my chamber, broken into silver shreds by the pines without, in whose tops the wind kept up a slumberous rustle—I went to sleep, listening to the lullaby improvised by breeze and leaves. I awoke suddenly, past midnight. The room was quite dark; for the moon had gone over to the west. I fancied some one had spoken, though I could not catch the import of the communication. My forehead felt cold and clammy, as it did at the touch of Doctor Henrique's fingers. I lighted the lamp, but everything remained as when I retired.

I again slept, and again awoke, with that same sensation of the pressure of a hand upon my face, and the echoes of a voice ringing on my ear.

I was too much agitated for further rest. With the first sunbeam, I arose and dressed.

Instinctively I went up the oaken staircase, and paused before the door of the library, or laboratory, perhaps, it might now more properly be called. It was very dark in the passage; but as I turned the knob, and the door swung ajar, I saw the sunlight flooding all the room. In the broad waves of golden light that surged from floor to roof, the goblin heads looked distorted, and the wonderful picture just before me appeared more thrillingly-terrible than ever. A faint, subtle odour was discernible, and a thin, almost intangible mist curled up from the vessel on the brazier in which smouldered a few coals; and sitting in a chair, close by the brazier, was my mother.

Her hands were folded in her lap, and her face turned towards the crucible, as though inhaling the vapour hanging over it. I touched her—she was dead!

As I paused, bewildered and overpowered by the mysterious presence of the Destroyer, I felt volition forsaking me. There was death in the delicious perfume exhaled from the bubbling fluid, but I could not escape it. As the outer senses became inert, the inner became more susceptible, though subject to strange, delightful illusions.

The room widened and deepened, the demons on the wall became angels, the background of the picture between the windows changed to fleecy clouds tinged with silver, and the repulsive lineaments of the face gave place to the tender, benignant features of our Saviour. As these impressions became more intensified, consciousness quite forsook me.

I came back to life slowly, under the kind attentions of Betty, who found me in time to recall back the spirit which would have quickly been beyond renovation but for her opportune search.

My poor mother was buried—Doctor Henrique's second victim.

The belief that I had secretly cherished, that he poisoned my father, which had for months been gaining ground, was now confirmed.

Two years went by. Doctor Henrique had not been heard from. If he still lived, he successfully eluded those who sought him.

Mrs. Deville, my mother's widowed sister, came to reside at the Villiers. Neighbours once more dropped in, and the lonely house took a more cheerful aspect. The studio, remaining just as Doctor Henrique had left it, was never opened.

One August night I sat with my aunt in the parlour. It was a gloomy night. The wind roared, and the rain beat upon the windows, and the aged oaks dashed their heads against the gables, and the birds that built their nests in the unroofed chimneys clamoured noisily at the violence. Sitting there silently, without lights, looking out into the murky gloom of the storm, we both heard the hall-door open, and caught a glimpse through the open doors of a pallid face, and a form clad in black saturated garments, from which great drops pattered upon the oaken floor, as the shape moved up the staircase towards the deserted studio.

Neither of us spoke or moved. When Betty came and lit the lamps and kindled a fire, we sat down on the sofa, and Mrs. Deville knelt, while I essayed to read.

I occupied her room with her that night. I think she was glad of my company, for she seemed much frightened.

In the morning I arose early, and taking Dan with me, went toward the fatal chamber. We did not go in, but we saw, as we stood on the threshold, Doctor Henrique. The same volatile delicious odour pervaded the apartment, and hovered before the emaciated face of the dead. He had written upon a slip of paper, "Forgive. Bury me at your mother's feet—I loved her." Anger or just resentment cannot pass the portals of the grave. I felt that the strange man who had brought me so much trouble was not amenable for his crimes.

Some time subsequent to Doctor Henrique's death, Doctor O., of Utica, who at one time was noted for his successful and humane treatment of the insane, called upon me at Villiers. He had heard of the sad circumstances of my parents' death. He looked over the books and private papers of Doctor Henrique, and gathered from them facts, which he had surmised, that the doctor had been a patient of his. He had, six years before, escaped from his keepers, and no effort could reveal his hiding-place.

He represented him as a man of fine abilities and profound attainments, but intense study crazed a brain actually massive and comprehensive; and the tragedy at Villiers, closing with a suicide, was the result.

There are flowers on the graves of my parents. At the feet of my mother rests my "mother's husband." Some one has placed a nightshade at his head. It is a fitting exponent of a soul bereft of reason—a soul filled with "dark thoughts." I always pray that the premature blight which withered the promise of manhood here may leave no traces to dim its aspirations there! and that no remembrance of life's melancholy closing scenes may be permitted to mar the perfect and glorious existence vouchsafed to the spirit away from which dropt, with the clay enshrining it here, the dis-tempered imaginings of a diseased mind.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Should the weather set in at all favourable for out-door work, no time should be lost in attending to all the details given for the past few weeks. Continue to sow hardy annuals, and put in cuttings of bedding-out plants in pots. Harden out calceolarias. Look over the beds and patches where bulbs have been planted, and where necessary stir the surface of the soil. Shift climbers into larger pots, to get them ready for planting out. Finish planting herbaceous plants as soon as possible. Increase hollyhocks and dahlias by propagation. Stir the surface of the beds of pinks and pansies, and give them a top dressing of rich compost. Give lawns a good rolling after rain, and let all fresh turfing be completed. Finish general alterations.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Make additional sowings of broad beans and peas. Sow cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, radishes, Scotch kale, savoy. Sow salady in drills. Plant Jerusalem artichokes. Sow celery for general crop in a gentle heat. Plant horseradish. Sow seed for early winter supply of Brussels sprouts. Continue planting potatoes. Make fresh beds of rhubarb and sea-kale without delay.

FRUIT GARDEN.—See last week's instructions. Look to graftings; head down old trees; and graft young stock as soon as possible.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AT ROME.—Brother Branwick, who has charge of the monastery at Norwich, recently favoured the local public with a copy of a letter which he had received from Brother Ignatius, who is now in Rome. Brother Ignatius, who dates from Rome on the "Feast of St. Scholastica," states that through the mercy of God his health is gradually returning, but he admits that he is easily "knocked up." He received a blessing from a French bishop at D—, but he was disappointed with the tone of Italian Christians at Genoa and Leghorn. He then passes on to the "great and holy city" of Rome, exclaiming rapturously, "Oh! how Jesus must love Rome!" He forgot the grandeur and magnificence of St. Peter's in the thought that there before him lay the body of Peter the fisherman. The lower classes of Rome, he is told by an English clergyman, imagine that the English people are not Christians; and he (Brother Ignatius) is sorry to say that the English visitors in Rome just now are not calculated to change this opinion; "some-times English ladies seem to forget their feminine modesty in their anxiety to get young monks to speak to them." As to monasteries and monks, Brother Ignatius has had a great treat; he has visited Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Carthusians, and many others; and he has been delighted with the regularity and holiness which he has witnessed. He had an interview with the Pope on the "Feast of St. Scholastica," having previously had an argument with the Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Propaganda (whose "arguments were loud and lengthy, but not in the least convincing"). As to the Pope, Brother Ignatius says:—"The Pope was most kind and condescending. I may say affectionate, in his manner towards me. I shall never forget the sweet face of that dear holy old man." The Pope extended his hand to him, and Brother Ignatius "bowed down and kissed the cross on his alippers." Brother Ignatius concludes the account of the interview as follows:—"He seemed astonished and pleased as I knelt before him. He begged me to pray that I might know God's will and do it, and have also the spirit of a true monk. He laid his hands upon my bare and tanned head, and kept them there while he gave me his blessing, and then gave me his hand to kiss. I had brought with me a heap of crosses, medals, and rosaries, which I held up for him to bless. He blessed them for me, and then, with a few more kind words, the interview ended. Before leaving the Vatican, I and the priest who accompanied me were again called into the Pope's presence, in a large hall, where numbers of young soldiers, some monks, and a priest, were all being blessed together. Here the Pope gave me a medal which he had blessed. I knelt to receive it, and gratefully kissed it, as a token that I should indeed prize it, coming from so venerable a hand. I had with me the lay brother and our little novice, Brother Ignatius Mary, but they waited in the carriage in the Piazza before St. Peter's. I was an hour and a half in the Vatican. On leaving the palace I took our little baby novice into St. Peter's to say a prayer before the shrine of the apostle. As we passed up the great nave I heard, 'Oh, that's Father Ignatius, look!' called out by some English people, who were 'doing' the church, and watched us to see if we were idolatrous in our conduct or not, I suppose."

THE EXAGGERATIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The following is a list of the members of the House of Commons—sixty-nine in number—who claim to be excused from serving on election committees as being upholders of sixty years of age:—Messrs. H. Balfour, E. Baines, T. Baring; Sir H. W. Barron, Mr. W. H. Barrow, Sir R. Booth, Sir B. Bridges, Messrs. J. L. Briscoe, J. Brocklehurst, R. Brooke, Major Cammug Bruce, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Messrs W. J. Clement, J. C. Cobbold, M. E. Corbally, J. Cowen, Sir H. F. Davis, Mr. E. Dundas, Sir D. Dundas, Messrs. A. M. Danlop, W. Ewart, Colonel Glyn, Mr. G. Glyn, Sir George Grey, Messrs. B. L. Guinness and G. Radford, Sir W. Heathcote, Mr. J. W. Henley, Lord Henniker, Messrs. E. Holland, T. B. Horsfall, and R. Ingham; Sir J. Johnston, Sir W. G. Jelfie, Messrs. J. Laird and W. Lee, Colonel Lowther, Messrs. W. Marshall and C. W. Martin, Sir J. Matheson, Messrs. J. R. Mills and O. Morgan, Colonel North, Sir H. Owen, Mr. O. W. Packer, Colonel Packer, Mr. R. Padmore, Colonel Pennant, Messrs. E. Potter, R. G. Pries, D. Robertson, J. Rolt, and F. W. Russell; Sir W. Scott, Messrs. G. P. Scrope and C. Seeley; Hon. W. O. Stanley, Mr. J. Steel, Colonel Sykes, Messrs. W. Tite, G. Tait, and H. Treherne; Sir J. Trollope, Mr. O. Turner, Sir W. Verney, Sir H. Verney, Admiral Walcott, Sir J. Walsh, and Sir T. B. Western.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—If so, get at once to a remedy and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. This preparation, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, and allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Carr's and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 11d. per bottle. Sold by chemists and medicine dealers everywhere. Principal office, 205, High Holborn, London.—(Advertisement.)

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Elphinstone & Co. in Chancery. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—(Advertisement.)

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Lords, Lord Lifford having inquired whether it was the intention of Government to introduce a measure to provide for the support of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, Earl Russell pointed out the difference in the circumstances under which Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh had expressed themselves favourable to such a measure from those which existed at the present moment, and said he did not think that any scheme of the sort could now be adopted with advantage. Earl Grey, after expressing an opinion that the time for the proposal had gone by, gave notice that on the 9th of March he should move for a committee of the whole house to consider the state of Ireland, and should therein propose resolutions expressing his view of the measures required to be taken. After some further discussion the subject dropped, and their lordships adjourned.

In the House of Commons, a new writ was ordered, on the motion of Mr. Brand, for the election of a member for Richmond, in the room of Mr. O. Dundas, deceased. On the order for going into committee of supply, Mr. White moved the resolutions following:—"That the expenditure of the Government has of late years been excessive. That it was and is now taken in great measure out of the earnings of the people, and forms in no small degree a deduction from a scanty store, which is necessary to secure to them a sufficiency, not of the comforts of life, but even of the prime necessities of food, of clothing, of shelter, and of fuel." "That this house, whilst mindful of its obligations to maintain the security of the country at home, and the protection of its interests abroad, is deeply impressed with the urgent necessity of economy in every department of the State, and is of opinion that no Administration is deserving of the confidence of this house and the country which shall not relieve the present burden of taxation on the three-penned and other classes, by making an early and large reduction of the Government expenditure." After some observations by Sir S. Northcote and Mr. Laing, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and defended the estimates of the Government. While objecting to mere vague and unsupported declarations like those of the hon. member, the house, he said, would ever find the Government ready to agree to the freest discussion and most searching criticisms. He concluded by expressing a hope that Mr. White would not divide the house. To this wish Mr. White agreed. Lord C. Paget moved the navy estimates for the year 1866-7, amounting to £10,888,155. The vote for the new works was, he said, £800,000; but he explained that in order to carry out the recommendations of the select committee of last year the expenditure on this account for the next three years would not be less than £1,000,000 per annum. There was not, he feared, any prospect of diminishing our maritime force, as the Admiralty was pressed to send ships to all parts of the world to defend our commerce, especially in China and Japan. The total number of armour-plated ships which would be afloat on the 1st April next was thirty, and another would be ready in a few weeks afterwards. A sea-going cruising turret-ship, of 5,600 tons, was about to be built, to be called the Monarch, and in the course of the year nearly 16,000 tons of shipping would be constructed. The noble and gallant lord having explained in detail the more prominent items of expenditure in the dockyards, naively remarked that he regretted not to observe on the present occasion the familiar faces of Mr. Lindsay, Sir Frederick Smith, Sir J. Elphinstone, Sir John Hay, and others who used in former sessions to criticise the administration of the navy. Sir J. Pakington commented upon the circumstance that no mention had been made of the comparative merits of broadside and turret ships, and reminded the Secretary to the Admiralty that he had not redeemed his promise of a former year to build a sea-going turret-ship. He also asked whether it was true that Captain Cowper Poles's invention had been ignored in order that preference might be given to a rival scheme of Mr. Reed, the constructor to the navy. Mr. Samuda pointed out the fallacy of building partly protected armour-plated ships like the Warrior, Black Prince, Defence, and Resistance. He recommended that, as we had but ten thoroughly efficient armour-plated ships in the service, the Admiralty should at once build six turret-ships. Mr. H. Balfour considered the statement of Lord Clarence Paget not satisfactory, and suggested that a committee should be nominated to consider what class of armour-plated ship should be constructed in order to command the greatest strength and speed.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.—We have to announce the premature death of the Earl of Harrington. The mournful event occurred on Thursday evening week, at Cannes. It was only last autumn that the young earl, who had been completing his education at Christ Church, Oxford, left the university, to accompany his friend, the Duke of Hamilton, to Scotland for the shooting season. While there he caught cold. After coming to London to consult the most eminent of the faculty, he was advised to go to a milder climate for the winter. Since his arrival at Cannes he gradually got weaker, and died as above stated. The late Seymour Sydney Hyde Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, county Northampton; Viscount Petersham, county Surrey; and Baron Harrington, county Northampton, in the peerage of Great Britain, was the only son of Leicester Fitzgerald Williams, fifth earl, by Elizabeth, only child and heir of the late Mr. William Green, of Trelawney, Jamaica. He was born 27th September, 1845 (consequently he had not yet attained his majority), and succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father in September, 1862. The lamented young nobleman was succeeded in the earldom by his cousin, Mr. Charles Wyndham Stanhope, eldest son of the late Hon. and Very Rev. Fitzroy Henry R. Stanhope, dean of St. Barin, by Caroline Wyndham, daughter of the late Hon. Charles Wyndham. The present peer was born in August 1809, and married in February, 1839, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. R. L. Pearsall, by whom his lordship has a numerous family.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—On Saturday, an inquiry was held by Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, at the Foresters' Arms Tavern, St. Leonard's-road, Bromley, respecting the death of Edward Grosvenor Brown, aged thirty-two years, from the bite of a mad dog. Hannah Brown, Wellington-road, Bromley, said that the deceased was a boiler-maker. About two months ago he came home and complained that he had been bitten in the hand by a dog, and that he did not like the look of it. He said that the dog—which witness believed was a bulldog—began to fight with his dog, and that when he parted them the strange animal flew at him and bit him in the hand. He had the part burnt out with caustic, and used poultices until it healed. On Thursday week he was seized with shivering, and said that he felt queer, and that he had pains in the hand, arm, and shoulder. He got medicine from a doctor. On Saturday morning week he refused all liquids; directly he saw them he became convulsed, and had violent paroxysms. On the previous day he had been slightly affected in the same manner. His condition got much worse after Saturday, and the convulsions were dreadful. He had severe pains in the throat. He died on Wednesday week. The dog that bit the deceased was a strange animal. The medical evidence corroborated this testimony, and the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from the mortal effects of hydrophobia from the bite of a dog;" and also requested that the coroner should bring to the notice of the proper authorities the great danger arising from the number of useless and mischievous dogs infesting the streets of the metropolis. The coroner said that he would communicate with the Home Secretary on the subject, and he had no doubt some measures would be adopted to check the evil.

